CARIBOO
and
NORTHERN
B. C.
DIGEST

In this Issue

* The Black Shadow
* Pine Pass Lake
* Story of an Axe
* Alcan Follies
* The Western Alaska Highway
* Destination - Aklavik

Summer 1946 Vol. 2 No. 2

V2#2 A. F. Buckham

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PER COPY

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Revealed by rising mists at dawn
With all the world at his feet
Stood a questioning little Fawn

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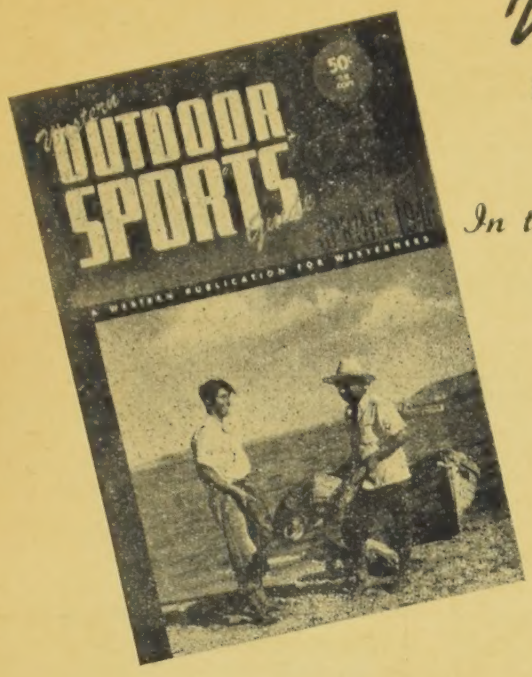

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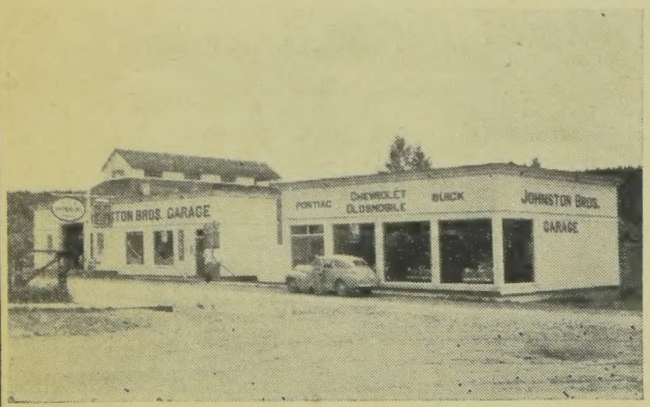

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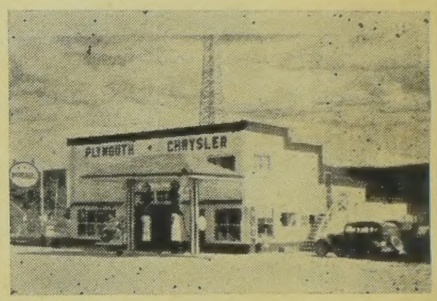

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Letters To The Editor.....

Editor,
Cariboo Digest.
Dear Sir:

You have a very good magazine in the Cariboo and Northern B.C. Digest. I have read the winter and spring editions. I am a discharged army man who has a small farm in the Likely district. I would like to join with our other reader, Mrs. John Bailey, in saying that prospective settlers should know that it is really work to farm, finding a place to live while building, then fencing, etc., while trying to make a living at the same time, and then having the coyotes, wolves, weasels, etc., kill off your stock if they are not watched is no easy task.

I disagree with the president of the B.C. Registered Trapline Owners Association in what he had to say in his article on the Shooting of the Red Squirrel. I have only known the country for 10 years but have found the average small farmer to have from six to twelve traps to protect his stock, and no time to go hunting; and have known trappers to have snares and squirrel sets all along their lines, and also known of trappers going twenty miles out of the way to steal the small farmers' traps. As a small farmer and Canadian citizen I would like to know what it is that the majority of people want—a nice fur piece to wear, or a future where they are sure of a full stomach

Hoping to see this in the next issue of Cariboo and Northern Digest, I remain,

Yours truly,
O. J. EASON,
Likely, B.C.

SHOOTING THE RED SQUIRREL

In our spring issue we published the B.C. Registered Trapline Owners Association viewpoint on the shooting of Red Squirrel. Since the issue appeared we have had a flood of letters in protest of the advocations of the Trappers Association and we feel that it would only be fair to publish the opposing viewpoint, as submitted to us by Elnora Hiller, Secretary, Narcosli Creek Institute.

Dear Sir:

We, the settlers of Cariboo District, would like to bring to light

continued on page 4A

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Letters to the Editor....

Continued from page 3A

our views about a very important matter—the shooting of red squirrel—and may we be allowed to comment on Mr. Eric Collier's article which appeared in the spring issue of the Cariboo Digest, entitled, "The Shooting of the Red Squirrel"?

At a meeting of the Trappers Association last spring it was resolved: "That the shooting of red squirrel should be prohibited and that any person or persons, whether trapper or fur dealer, found with squirrel pelts in his possession which bear evidence of having been shot shall be prosecuted."

We, the settlers, wonder if the viewpoint of the settler was considered in any way whatsoever when the resolution was drawn up? We are beginning to wonder who is of more importance to the province, the settlers who must make some kind of a decent living from the land and also produce food for the starving nations, or the trapper, who captures hundreds or thousands of dollars worth of furs (a luxury product) each year and worries about a few missing squirrels.

We are of the opinion that if we are to live and be able to live throughout the winter, especially when the crops are poor, we should be allowed to shoot a few squirrels to help bring in the extra bit of cash necessary to get through the winter. We wonder if the merchants with whom we deal were asked this question: "Who keeps you in business, the many settlers with their families or the few trappers on large traplines?" whether they would or could truthfully say, "The trapper." We feel they could not. We are positive that if it weren't for the steady business of the settlers, the merchants could not subsist on the business offered by the trappers alone. Therefore, we regard the squirrel as our legitimate source of income during the winter months. Here in our district there are but two registered trap lines, and it must be stated here that the owners of said trap lines have never restricted their trap lines to their own exclusive use. We are deeply grateful for this thoughtfulness and consideration.

Suppose that in an average district such as ours there are three registered trap lines. The amount of money received from the purchase of licences for these trap lines would be thirty dollars. On the other hand, say that nine settlers purchase trapping licences, which they must have before they are legally entitled to trap even the unwanted coyote, the revenue from the purchase of these licences would be ninety dollars. From whom does the government gain most profit?

It was stated that fur-bearing animals feed on the red squirrel. Has this matter been delved into thoroughly? Do mink manage to capture a red squirrel, even if rabbits are scarce? Do muskrats or beaver eat red squirrel?

The red squirrel has proven to be a pest and has oftentimes been found robbing our granaries. The red squirrel is a rodent and multiplies rapidly. For the protection of our own stock on our own property we must purchase a licence. Why should we not be allowed to shoot squirrels on our own property to partly offset our losses from predatory animals such as coyotes and bear on stock and weasel on chickens?

We read that the decimation of the red squirrel will be complete in a few years. According to our observations of their numbers we are prompted to disagree. The red squirrel has been more plentiful this year than for several years. We thank Providence for making it so and we are also grateful for having had the privilege of augmenting our incomes by shooting them.

We propose that the trapper be moved back into the real fur country, thereby keeping agricultural land AND SQUIRRELS for the settlers.

The Editor,
Cariboo Digest.
Dear Sir:

May I, as a settler, have a little space to remark on an article and letter that appeared in your spring issue?

Mrs. Bailey stated that new settlers should have money. True—but how many, having enough money, care to come so far back to settle? They and their families prefer more settled districts. So our Cariboo will get poorer people who hunger for a farm and have come to one of the few places where all the land has not already been taken up and where a start can be made on very little.

Up until now the settler could make a few dollars from the shooting of red squirrels, which Mr. Collier so deplores. I have talked to many who say that if it weren't for this little "extra" income they

continued on page 5A

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Letters to the Editor

continued from page 4A

would have had to "pull out." But now the red squirrel, at the prices paid for them during the last two winters, has graduated into the big time. The regular trapper would not bother with the squirrel during past years. Now he is to be protected. What will our new settlers, or our old ones, do in a year of poor crops? Just what Mrs. Bailey said. Sell off slowly, and then move away and advertise what a poor place the Cariboo is. Can't we save the red squirrel for the help of our settlers?

MRS. KATE BAYER,
Narcosli Creek, B.C.

Alpine Glow

The day is not much longer,
Trail's end is drawing near,
The forests, blue, watch death of day and blacken;
And still, like ivory angels,
The shadowed peaks up-rear;
The whispers of the snowshoes lisp and slacken.

There is no word to hasten in the land of sleep and snow,
There's but to pause and wonder beneath the alpine glow.

From out the crowning rapture
There falls the evening star—
Bright symbol of the day that rose and fell;
Deep from the lingering capture
Our trail has stretched afar—
A language in a line of native spell.

And snowshoes seek the cabin as mountain giants blow
Their clouds of night and frost flakes across the alpine glow.

Jean E. Barlow.

Schoolboy Howlers

The cause of the great Schism was that the Pope had his head in Rome and his seat in Avignon.

Henry the 8th by his own efforts increased the population by 40,000.

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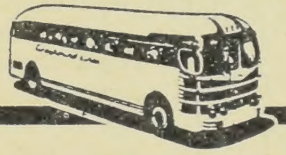

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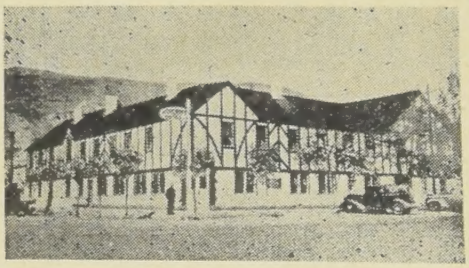

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In This Issue--

From The Peace to the McKenzie Delta	4
Story of An Axe	5
Pine Pass Lake	5
Tulibee	8
The Vagrant Village	9
Why Not Go North	12
What Unemployment Insurance is Doing	13
The Western Alaska Highway	14
Memoirs of a Rambler	16
Alcan Follies -46	19
Destination Aklavik	22
The Fraser River	26

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Some Facts About PEACE RIVER COAL

From the Vancouver Sun Ottawa Bureau, May 4.—Premier John Hart, Hon. H. B. Anscomb, and Hon. George Pearson leave for home tonight, following the failure of the Dominion-Provincial Conference. . . .

Today Mr. Hart consulted with C.P.R. officials, while Mr. Anscomb saw the C.N.R. president, R. C. Vaughan. All are very co-operative with the Premier's plan for extending the Pacific Great Eastern Railway to Peace River.

As a consequence of plans made here, Mr. Hart will send an engineering party into the area to settle two issues relating importantly to the project:

1—Is there sufficiently good coal easily available to rail haul output?

2—Is there a feasible route eastward from the coal field area to Pouce Coupe and Dawson Creek so that coal can be hauled west from Dawson Creek to Vancouver?

The project may depend on favorable answers to these two questions.

EAST OR WEST?—Item No. 2 of the above news item is, to say the least, confusing in its declaration as to exactly what IS being sought . . . Is it an easterly or westerly route, to or from Dawson Creek and Pouce Coupe?

The above is but a sample of hundreds of similar news items flooding western papers re the P.G.E. and Peace River coal, which, though they may be news, are hardly informative and offer the public no opportunity to form an opinion either pro or con. . . . Neither could we form an opinion as to the feasibility of the project. . . . It bothered us so much that we just had to go to the Peace and ask questions of all whom we met, and to see for ourselves. . . . What we learned we have set forth below, and trust that upon reading it you will be better able to judge the possible economic result to B.C. of tapping the Peace River coal deposits by extension of the P.G.E. . . . If you are progressive and broadminded, we feel that you cannot help but conclude your reading of the information with the question—WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

We have, in the past, heard a great deal about Peace River coal. . . . We have heard that the deposits are of tremendous size;—that there were an estimated 4½ billion tons to be had;—that the deposits were the biggest on the North American continent;—that the coal was much higher grade than the coal now being used by the C.N.R.;—that the ash content, the moisture and fixed carbon content were so-and-so and such-and-such;—that the deposits were on the Peace River, the Pine River, on Carbon Creek, on Commotion Creek, at Hudson Hope;—that it was really not such good coal;—that it was but a myth;—but that there really WAS coal in the Ground-hog area, 350 miles to the west of the Peace River Block . . . all of which information (or lack of information) was very unsatisfactory.

The importance of the Peace River coal deposits is not to be denied. Apparently Premier Hart has decided that if there are not tremendous quantities of high-grade coal available there will be no railroad to the Peace and P.G.E. rails might well be permanently entombed at Quesnel, B.C., in so far as his government is concerned. His (Mr. Hart's) recent statement that "20 millions have been earmarked for completion of the P.G.E. to Hudson Hope providing coal deposits are big enough to warrant such expenditure" is, in effect, a denial of the economic value of the combined resources of Northern B.C. OTHER THAN COAL. His statement was a nice way of telling us that if we didn't have coal, we had nothing that interested the Hart government.

It is obvious, then, that Peace River coal is of paramount importance to the peoples of northern B.C. For it is upon the size of the deposits and upon the quality of the coal that completion of the P.G.E. depends. And to the people of the north completion of the P.G.E. means the difference be-

tween a quick and sure economic advancement—or a continuance of the stagnation such as has been witnessed throughout the north for the past 30 years.

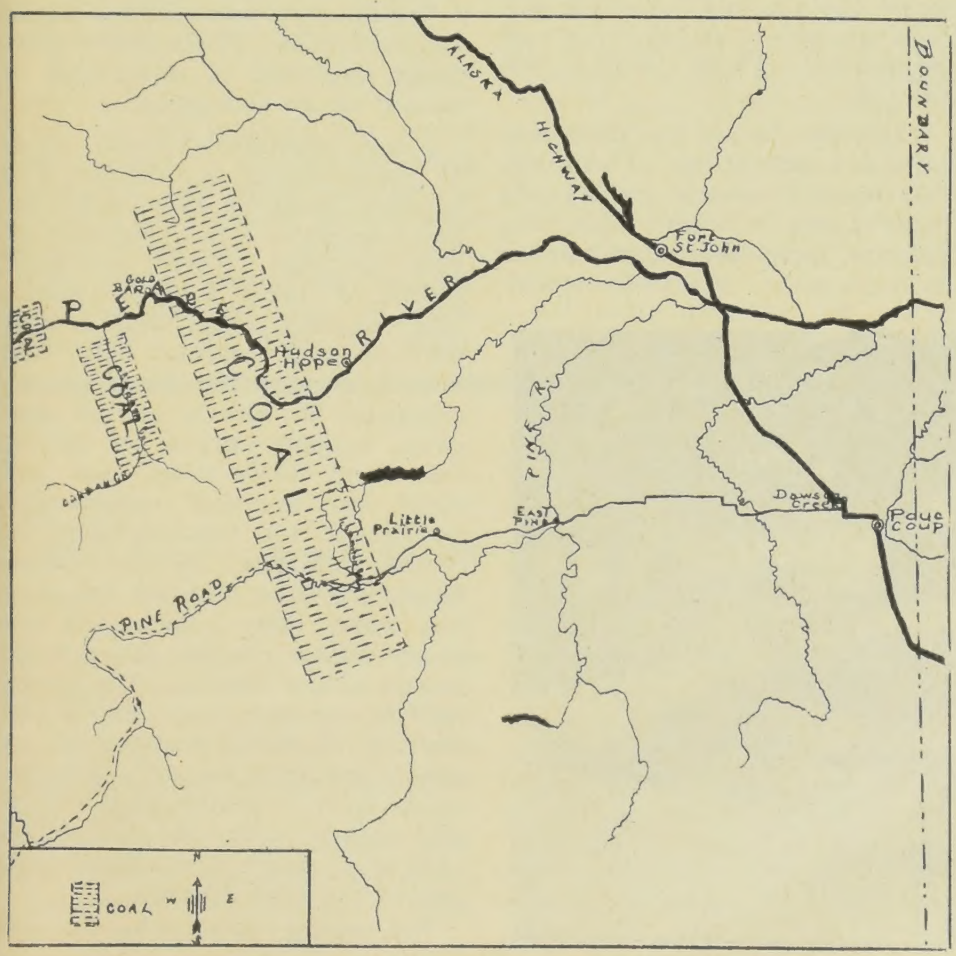
Because future development in the north depends so very much on completion of the P.G.E., and completion of the P.G.E. almost entirely on Peace River coal reserves, we undertook on a recent trip into the area to secure what information was available for the benefit of our readers.

To begin with, there are two areas in the Peace River Block where coal has been mined to a considerable extent to date—one in the vicinity of Hudson Hope, some 60 miles west of Fort St. John and approximately 125 miles west of the Alberta border by road; the other at Hasler Creek, about 100 miles southwest of Dawson Creek, B.C., directly on the route to be followed by the new Pine Pass Highway, now under construction.

Though the two areas which have been mined are some 60 miles apart, they are situated at either end of a very well defined and surveyed coal belt. The coal belt, or zone, extends from a point approximately midway between Hudson Hope and Gold Bar (on the Peace River west of Fort St. John—see map) southeasterly past the southern end of Moberly Lake, and bisects the Pine Pass Highway at Commotion and Hasler Creeks. Apart from the above, which is the biggest of the known deposits, there have been etxensive deposits discovered along Carbon Creek, which empties into the Peace from the south several miles west of Gold Bar, while still farther west 15-foot seams of coal are to be seen along the almost perpendicular walls of the Peace River Canyon.

Exactly how far any of the deposits extend to the north, south, east or west has not been thor-

continued on page 68



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History - taken from an exam paper

Henry the 8th married Catharine of Aragon. He soon grew tired and divorced and beheaded her. He next married Anne Boleyn and also beheaded her. He then married Anne of Cleves and beheaded her—and so on, and on.

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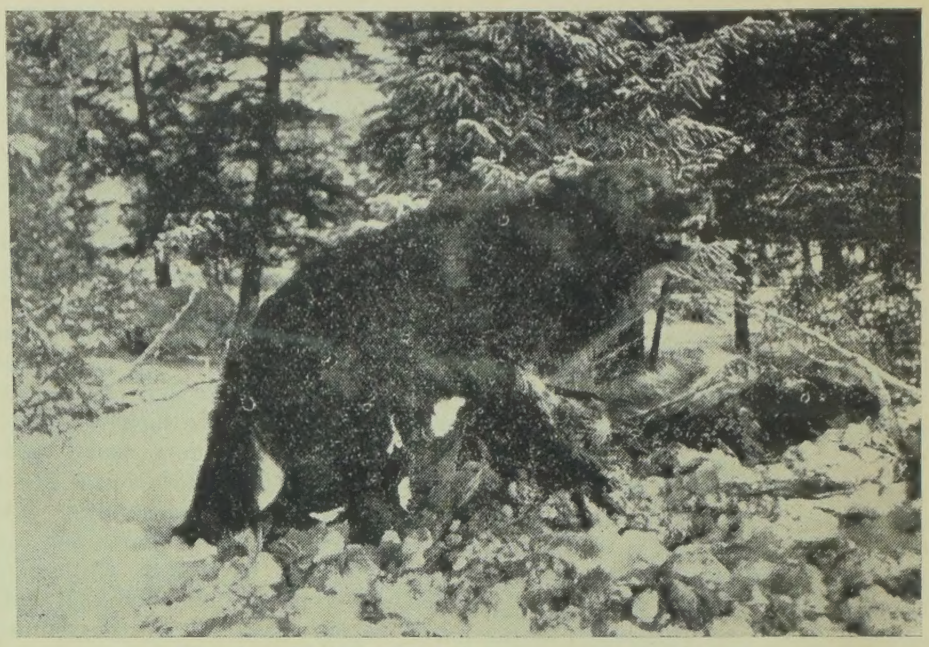
The Black Shadow

by Leo Jobin



Siberian Wolf — The picture speaks for itself.

The word "wolf" makes the average person shiver. I, for one, do not blame them for feeling worried about this cunning killer of the deep forest. I recall one incident while patrolling part of James Bay, north of Quebec, in 1921. I was returning from the shore of Hudson Bay southward with five dogs harnessed to the sleigh. The trail was hard going, the snow was deep, and a cold north wind was blowing. After having prepared my camp near some small spruce for the night, I stocked my little stove with coal and turned all the dogs loose except the leader. After an hour or so a pack of Arctic timber wolves approached the camp, growling and barking with a ferocity that nearly froze the blood in my veins. Soon my dogs were surrounded and all killed except the leader. I made as much noise as possible and kept the fire burning bright to keep the marauders at a safe distance from myself and my only remaining dog. Daybreak arrived and the killers all disappeared. Thank God, I was still alive.

With only one dog left, the return trip was a difficult one. I was very tired when I reached the Aricana River, where my first cabin was built and there found safety in the old sweet home. It is to be remembered that in the Hudson Bay district trees are far apart and very short, therefore climbing a tree for safety if danger is encountered is somewhat out of the question.

The days are short and the nights long and cold. Firearms are often frozen and out of commission if needed in an emergency.

I have encountered many bands of wolves during my outdoor life, but they generally make their getaway before one has time to prepare his rifle. There are three species of timber wolf in Canada. The Canadian timber wolf is light gray in color, stockily built, and very cunning. The black species originated in Siberia and is supposed to have crossed the Bering Sea about thirty years ago and since has increased considerably throughout the western part of British Columbia. In this species black, gray and blue are found in the same litter. They are the largest of our wolves, but not the worst of the family. The white wolf is seen only in the Far North; the tips of the ears are black, as also is the tip of the tail. The rest of the body is creamy white. They are stockily built, and for endurance they cannot be compared with any of the other species.

The mating takes place in late

February or early March. The young, which may number from four to ten, are born sixty days later in a remote den, where both parents take care of the raising of the family. The carnage in the deep forest begins as soon as the young are big enough to accompany their parents on their merciless killings. During the time the pups are playing around the den it may be dangerous for a novice to approach too closely to the little fellows. Considerable numbers of game animals and domestic stock are killed annually by these bloodthirsty beasts. Records are few of people in this part of the continent beging attacked by timber wolves, but caution should always be exercised while travelling in an area infested by wolves.

Wolves are easily destroyed with firearms, traps or poison. I remember one occasion when a rancher killed eleven adult timber wolves in one night with poison. One winter I killed seven wolves from a blind where I was concealed to photograph foxes and coyotes.

First of all, if wolves are in the habit of feeding from an old carcass, new bait might be put nearby and as soon as the animals begin eating the camera is fixed in the proper place. During all the time passed in the blind I collected some very useful information valuable for photographing them at some later date. The blind for photographing these cunning rascals is located about 500 feet from the camera. As you no doubt know, all the members of the dog family approach the bait late in the afternoon or early in the morning. The photographer must, therefore, be prepared to use magnesium powder for artificial light. If not too cold, electric batteries work perfectly; otherwise, a different arrangement must be made.

Grey Timber Wolf—Looks similiar to an Alsatian dog, but is more ferocious than it looks.

On some occasions the animals take their own pictures, but as they are very restless while eating, some of the photographs are not first class. The enclosed pictures of the black silver wolf were taken under difficult conditions. It was one of those days when one could see nothing but snow in the air. I was concealed in a comfortable blind above the set under some boulders. In the late afternoon a black shadow appeared from a ravine, like a ghost, and approached the bait with caution. I had two

continued on page 90

A LETTER

Dear Sirs:

With further reference to the question Predator Control. You are no doubt aware that there is at the present time a strong public demand, both in Canada and in Alaska, for positive steps to make more effective Predator Control, especially with reference to wolves and coyotes. It is extremely heartening to see sportsman's clubs and wild life agencies and various conservation organizations taking up the cudgels in this matter.

In this connection, I am pleased to report that the United States Park Administration has approved and made effective the killing of wolves and coyotes and other predators in McKinley National Park in Alaska. Professional hunters on salary are now operating in this park.

The Alaska Game Commission is experimenting with the use of a new poison to be used against wolves and coyotes. As their work is still in the experimental stage, no definite conclusions are available. You will no doubt be given the results of the experiment when completed.

Since writing the report that appeared in the November, 1945, issue of Game Trails I have received from trappers, sportsmen's clubs, and others interested in the conservation of wild life, without exception, confirm my conclusions. These reports have come from Saskatchewan, B.C., Alberta, Yukon Territory and Alaska. It is also significant that similar reports are to be found in the various sports magazines of the United States and Canada. To itemize these reports would only burden the record. It suffices to say that they come from responsible sources, mainly from

continued on page 91

From the PEACE to the McKENZIE Delta

by R. Duncan

Running some rapids on the run through to Fort Nelson. The scow is 90 feet long, the swells 6 to 8 feet high.

Portaging a scow over the "old route." The truck has caterpillar treads to bear the tremendous weight, consequently is slow-moving. The portage at Fort Smith is 18 miles long.

A few weeks ago, as I stood on the great steel bridge that now crosses the mighty Peace River, my thoughts turned back to the spring of 1937. On the bank where the south approach of the bridge stands we built a 65-foot power-boat and an 85-foot barge.

As our destination was Great Bear Lake and the Arctic, the equipment had to stand up not only to the rivers but to the large lakes, Great Slave and Great Bear, where storms are quite frequent and plenty tough.

We installed a 65 h.p. Gardiner high speed diesel power unit, completed the boat and barge with cabins, kitchen, and so forth to accommodate nine men for the summer. By June 1st we had the outfit ready to launch, but as drift-wood was still running, making travelling too dangerous, we made a few trial runs and loaded our varied shipment of freight. This consisted of 20,000 feet of lumber, 80 barrels of fuel oil, 100 barrels of aviation gas to go to Fort Nelson for the Yukon Southern Airways, 40 bags of potatoes, a 3-ton truck to be used on the portages, enough food for the summer, and the personal effects of nine men. Our permits* were all up to date, and the medicine was stored in the bilge in the engine room. I was the dispenser for the summer.

Later on, as we encountered sand bars and rocks, I was called upon to report the condition of said section of the boat.

On June 6th we left Taylor Landing for the North. The Peace is a very interesting and beautiful river to travel. The high, rolling banks, the many islands, the old trading posts and trappers' cabins on the banks, seem to be different at every bend. The following day we arrived at Peace River Crossing. We spent a day making final purchases of things that we couldn't get later on. We bought a few musical instruments, which I am sure startled more than one Indian sitting on the bank.

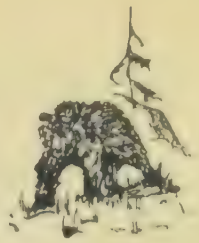
Downstream from Peace River we saw many gas wells along the banks, some just spouting water into the river . In this section are also the high chalk white banks in which is the base material for cement manufacture. There seemed to be miles of it.

We arrived at the settlement of Fort Vermilion on June 10th. A very pretty spot. The government has an experimental farm there. It is a wonderful farming district. All freight, cattle, etc., are shipped by boat from or to Peace River. From here it is six hours' travel to the head of the Vermilion Rapids and Chutes. Here we unloaded everything, removed the engine, and portaged it over the four-mile portage trail. We had to do a lot of road work as the trail had been used by teams only.

The rapids are two miles long,

continued on page 83

Story of an Axe



By W. N. (Rusty) Cambell

It may come as a surprise to many people, especially to those who have never had the urge, or perhaps the fortunate opportunity to leave the well-trodden paths of the more settled parts of British Columbia, to learn that such a common, work-a-day implement as an axe, or in this case a special type of woodsman's axe, could ever become worthy of more than passing interest.

Such, however, is so, and I refer to the especially designed axe commonly known to Northerners as the "Hudson's Bay Axe." This axe, generally made in the lightweights, either for carrying on the belt or in such a size that it can readily be carried by the woodsman or trapper on the trail, has been the almost constant companion of the Frontiersman and Voyageurs in northwestern Canada for over two centuries. It was the first type of axe introduced as trade goods to the Indians by the fur trade in Canada, and whether the legendary tomahawk of the old-time redman copied the model or whether the trader, being what traders generally are, adopted the shape from the Indian weapons, or whether it was just invented as a good style of axe for the traffic and trailsman of the great north woods, I do not know. Nevertheless, it has served its purpose well in the hinterland for generations and left its marks, in more ways than one, in opening our great Northwest.

Trails in dark lonely woods long ago blazed by such axes have long since become routes of civilized travel, or, in some cases, closely traversed by railroads. Rough stockades of pointed stakes once erected with its assistance are now the site of western cities. It was, as I have stated, a constant companion of the dweller of the woods, almost as important as his rifle.

Many years ago a shipment of these axes was sent over from England to a fur company by way of the great forts on the shores of Hudson Bay as part of a consignment of trade goods. These were of excellent steel and of proper shape, but, unfortunately, were without eyes for the haft or handle; they were just solid steel, and being from Sheffield, England, were undoubtedly very solid.

One story is that when the order was sent to the makers in England a sketch accompanied it, showing the size and shape of the axe wanted, but as the eye was not therein indicated, the makers in England, who made to pattern without fail, omitted this necessary arrangement. In due time they were crated and forwarded on their long journey. Eventually, by way of the trade routes, they were scattered far and wide throughout the West.

Another version that was current along the trails, and still is where such things seem worth while discussing, was that the officer who was in charge of purchasing trade stores in England for the company concerned arrived at the conclusion that the peculiar shaped head was made to be fitted onto an ordinary handle with moosehide thongs by the Indians themselves, therefore the usual eye was unnecessary.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that these heads were actually in existence and the writer many years ago remembers being shown such an axe-head and told the story by an old trader beside his campfire.

For years these axe-heads were regarded as curios and treated in the same light as collectors' pieces in the North, and they were highly prized as such. It may be possible that some readers of The Cariboo Digest have run across these axe-heads during their travels in the North.

Years ago I had occasion to be pushing my way along with a companion far up one of the largest tributaries of the Peace River. It was during the period of high water and the current was very strong and swift. Upstream headway was made by poling the canoe, a cottonwood dugout, against the current, a slow and in time exhausting procedure. When a sweeper is encountered (a tree fallen, but still attached from the overhanging bank and trailing in the water), it is necessary for the bowman to lash the canoe to the log and stand in the swaying bow of the canoe while he cuts through the trunk with his axe. This is not such an easy feat as it sounds and takes the best of expert canoe balance on the part of the cutter.

I was so engaged on an extra difficult sweeper near the close of a day's travel when, to save myself from going overboard, I involuntarily let go the axe. It disappeared forever into the depths! We had no other axe in our equipment.

Perhaps this does not sound like a tragedy to those who have never travelled the wilderness, but had they tried to make camp, cut firewood and bed brush, to say nothing of attempting to navigate a canoe up a swollen river, and do all the necessary jobs, they would soon understand the nature of our loss. One's hand was forever groping out in search of the axe that wasn't there. In a few days my partner and I were getting to a point where

continued on page 62

PINE PASS LAKE

by Stan Cornell

The author takes a trip and 'does his bit' to insure future good fishing on the Pine River.

We left Dawson Creek on Monday, July 23rd, at 1 p.m., by car, bound for Commotion Creek, on the new coast highway. Our intention was to leave the car at the end of the road presently at Johnson's ranch, close to Commotion, climb aboard saddle horses and, with two pack horses, travel the 70-mile pack trail to Azouzetta Lake, at the summit of the Murray Range, there to prove or disprove the presence of Rainbow trout in that lake.

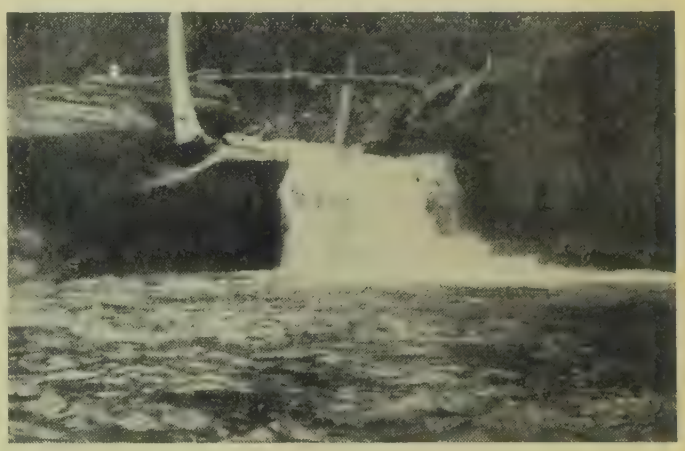
The party consisted of Chris Johanson, genial Goodyear Tire dealer of Dawson Creek and fisherman of some local repute, and myself. The outfit, two saddle horses, two pack horses, tent and camp equipment, field glasses, fishing tackle, and various knick-knacks to make life a little easier in the bush.

We got to Commotion in good time to set up our camp for the night and to line out the horse packs for the next day's trip. The horses, hired from Madden's at East Pine River, were to be brought in by truck, 40 miles. There was some delay, owing to a flat tire, but they eventually arrived at 3:30 a.m. And so, though we got little sleep the first night, we were ready to leave at eleven the next morning, Tuesday.

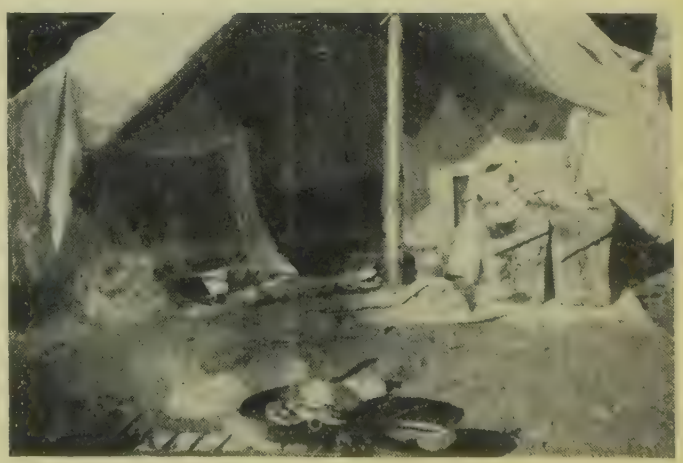
After riding nine miles, during which time we saw a mule deer doe and a black bear with two cubs, we arrived at Brown's ranch, the last place of habitation up river from Commotion Creek. Having enjoyed the hospitality of these people for a few hours, we repacked the horses and left for Willow Flats, nine miles away. We reached there at 8 p.m. and made camp for the night. With about two hours daylight left, Chris could not resist taking his first chance to fish on the trip. So out he went, to eventually return with a good-sized Arctic grayling. This was the first of the many fish we were to catch in the following two weeks.

The next evening we pulled into camp at the confluence of Mountain Creek and Pine River. Here, before deciding on a place to set up the tent, we surprised a very large buck deer feeding. The sight of this deer, with his look of surprise, head erect, with so large a set of antlers, still in the velvet, will long be remembered. Here was a chance for the camera, but it was lost, as mine was still in the pack.

Chris, with his catch just about ready for the frying pan.



The falls and deep pool below, where the big ones are.



Can't you just about smell those fish frying?

Next day, leaving the horses to catch up on feed, we left for a two-mile hike up to the Mountain Creek canyon, where we felt our chances at Dolly Varden trout would be good. And so it turned out, the catch

for our first day's real fishing being nine trout and ten Arctic grayling. As these are practically virgin waters, the abundance of fish is not surprising. Local trappers during the winter months are the only people who do any fishing at all in this district. Building of the coast highway will, of course, open up this country to other sportsmen.

While fishing, a black bear came a-visiting, but, after looking us over closely, decided that he had business elsewhere. All in all, we considered this a successful day's fishing.

And so, the next day, July 27th, saw us on horseback and again heading up river. That night we camped half a mile down river from the mouth of Callazon Creek. Here we found good horse feed. This creek comes into Pine River from the north and heads close to the heads of the Clearwater, which in turn runs north to reach the Peace River some distance up river from Hudson Hope.

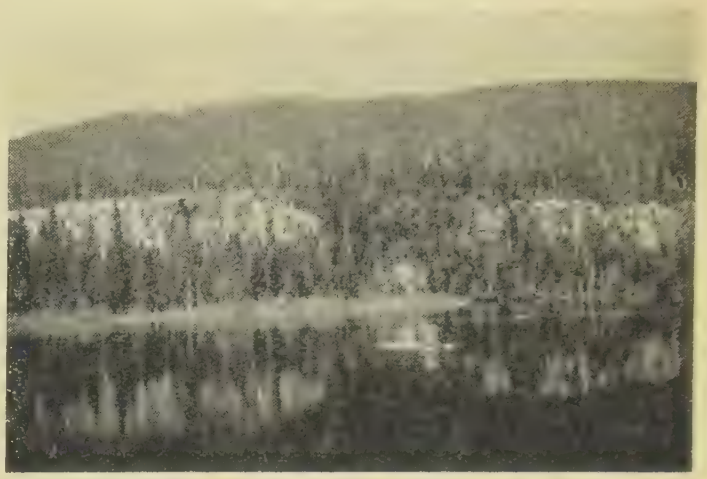
At nine o'clock the next morning we were packed ready to again leave for upriver. After travelling for seven hours we were in sight of our destination, Azouzetta Lake. This was a very interesting day's travel, as most of it was new country to both of us. Many different kinds of flowers were seen, many berries, too. We travalled through lovely ferns that reached higher than the horses' back. through mountain ash and maples, varieties of which I cannot name, being no botanist.

As we approached the summit, and seeing so many unusual plants and bushes, it seemed hard to believe that the pass is no higher above sea level than is the road nine miles west of Dawson Creek.

Our first act after unpacking the horses on reaching the lake was to picket them out. Then we made camp and cooked supper of ham and pork and beans. After supper we went exploring around the south end of the lake. We saw a cow moose and later a young bull. Shortly afterwards we saw a beaver swimming in the lake. Though it was getting late by this time, we decided that we should try to get enough fish for breakfast. We could see from the shore many of them rising to feed. Somebody had made a raft of dry logs, buoyant enough to carry two men, and this was tied to a stump on the edge of the lake. So out on the raft I went and after a while was successful in catching two rainbows, but one I turned back, as it was under the regulation eight inches.

Next day was Sunday and most of the forenoon was taken up by attending to the horses. In the afternoon a thunderstorm came up, together with rain. Later, the wind was strong enough to form whitecaps on the lake, making it too rough to fish. After some time the weather cleared somewhat and Chris tried to fish, but two hours' effort with no luck convinced him it was useless. In the late evening I went out on the raft and for two hours was unsuccessful. Then the fish began to feed and in less than three-quarters of an hour I had landed seven nice-sized rainbows. A real feed of trout this time.

Murphy Range, looking north from lake. Looks like good sheep country.



Chris out on the lake on the raft. Pine Pass road will run on the far side.

Chris got some nice ones in Mountain Creek.

About this time we thought our purpose could be

continued on page 47

"TULIBEE"

or 'Yon Yenson' Trapper of the upper Naas and Stikine

Yon Yenson

by B. MULVANEY

Yon climbed the last steep ascent of Hee-Hee Creek with difficulty. Every few feet he was compelled to back up and beat the heavy snow from his snowshoes. Reaching the little flat where the last cabin on his north line stood, he stopped and looked back.

His pack-dog, Tulibee, was having heavy going on the single snowshoe track, owing to a two-foot fall of snow during the preceding night. John had lightened the dog's load when he hit the heavy snow belt at the noon camp down to an empty packsack.

Slowly he broke the trail to the cabin, which appeared just like a mound of snow. He dropped his pack and back-tracked till he met Tulibee. Letting go the cinch of the packsack, he carried it to the cabin. Even without it, the tired dog floundered helplessly.

With a snowshoe Yon dug out the entrance to the cabin and then to the entrance of the dog-house, which was completely snowed in. Tulibee lost no time in seeking the dry comfort of the dog-house, while Yon dug away the snow which had buried the chimney.

Within fifty feet of the cabin was a never-failing spring. He snowshoed several trips, tramping the snow so that the trail would eventually carry. He then filled the water buckets and thanked all his Scandinavin gods that he didn't have to camp out.

In the centre of the back wall a huge stone fireplace took up most of it. The rest of the wall was piled high with four-foot wood, a pile of split pitch-pine and a heap of shavings. Darkness was falling rapidly. He lit a candle, started the fire, and lowered a quarter of moose meat from the end of the ridge pole. Two pots full of moose meat were soon bubbling cheerfully and a fat roast on a spit was kept revolving by the occasional pull on a connecting thong of babiche.

John baked a couple of bannocks and filled his pipe. The furniture was simple but ample. Two bunks, with a plentiful supply of blankets, a rough-hewn table, two big cuts from a balsam log for seats, and a mouse-proof cupboard.

From his packsack he took five marten and a fisher and hung them up to thaw out, although they were partly thawed from the heat of his body while packing them. Fur stretchers of all sizes were in the cabin. The fur skinned and stretched, he replenished the coffee pot and demolished most of the roast, then filled a gold pan with moose meat to cool off for Tulibee.

From this cabin his trapline circled northeasterly, following a heavy belt of timber, the trail losing altitude until it crossed Hi-yu-wawa Creek. He had hoped to find his partner, Charlie Jansie, at this cabin, as they had arranged to meet about the last of February. However, on account of the heavy wet snowfall he did not worry. "Got more sense 'n me," he soliloquized. "Bet ye he's holed up at the Little Naas cabin."

He fed his dog, turned in and in two minutes was sleeping soundly. He awoke before daylight and made a hurried breakfast, put the cabin in order and called Tulibee. He had no need to take a heavy pack, but still he had his gun, an axe, a few spare traps, a tea-pail, a cup, and a man-sized lunch. This, with a bait-sack and different lures and scents, made a fair load for an average man, but was nothing to Jensen. Tulibee yawned and actually grinned as Yon cinched an empty dog pack-saddle on him. Daylight was just breaking as he stepped into his snowshoes. The thermometer at the cabin registered ten below. The snowshoeing had improved during the night. John found the going comparatively easy, but Tulibee adhered strictly to the snowshoe track.

It was only seven miles to the halfway camp, as both cabins were in the heavy snow belt, and Yon figured on making it by noon. As he proceeded in a northeasterly direction the snow became lighter and the travelling easier. A trail-trap and a snare gave Jensen a silver fox and a coyote. A number three trap was missing, but Tulibee, having regained his confidence, tracked the drag a short distance and then barked joyously at a lynx which has succeeded in climbing out of reach by the lower limbs of a bushy balsam. Yon shot the lynx with a .22 pistol and rapidly skinned it.

Where the trail led through heavy

continued on page 48

The VAGRANT VILLAGE

'BURNS LAKE'

Burns Lake - town can be seen in the distance

There was little settlement where the village of Burns Lake now stands before or during the construction of the G.T.P. The waterways of Decker and Burns Lake were used for transportation by boat during the summer and the ice roads during the winter. The McKenna family ran a roadhouse during construction of the G.T.P. and Carroll Bros. took up pre-emptions adjoining the present townsite, while Bob Gerow and Howie Laidlaw built a sawmill, store and hotel on Gerow's Island.

In 1914 Barney Mulvany pitched a few tents on the present location and attempted to acquire land for a townsite. He was ordered off by the Indian Department for encroaching on an Indian Reserve, but informed that Department that it was not, nor ever had been, an Indian Reserve. He was then ordered off by the Department of Public Works for trespassing on a road allowance, to which he replied that there was no road except a meandering cow-trail, wrigging aimlessly over the course of least resistance.

Investigation proved that it was a Crown Reserve, so he kept on pitching tents while submitting maps of a proposed townsite to the Department of Lands. In 1915 the Surveyor General approved of the townsite, as it did not interfere with the land already occupied by Indian Burns Lake Tommy and his family.

Fred Ritchie, a B.C.L.S., was sent in to survey the townsite but got in too late in the season. The following year an engineer named Black came in with instructions from the Surveyor General, to adhere as closely to the existing roads and trails as possible. He also had a letter to consult Mulvany. He did, but they disagreed, as Mulvany wished to run the main road (now Alaska Way) parallel with the right-of-way of the G.T.P., with the cross streets at right angles.

The surveyor re-read his instructions and planted the centre stakes for the main road right in the exact centre of the spoor of the last cow which had fed along the trail. The result was the crookedest (if picturesque) main road which ever disgraced any town in British Columbia.

Land seekers came pouring in and more tents were pitched pending the time when lots might be purchased.

The following year the lots were auctioned off and the oldtimers procured lots they desired entirely to their satisfaction. The next year the first hotel was built by Mulvany, who gave it little attention, as he was mostly busy locating settlers, and the management of the hotel devolved on his wife.

The hotel was finally acquired by the late Anthony M. Ruddy and was improved and added to as business warranted it by the influx of farmers, mining men, fur buyers and a steady stream of land-seekers bound for Francois, Ootsa, and the many lakes which comprise the Central Interior Lakes District.

Andy Ruddy speedily became the driving force of the town. A rabid Liberal, he took a keen interest in any new development and was largely responsible for the building of the Burns Lake School (one of the best in the Central Interior), the W.M.S. Hospital (Burns Lake's pride), the Community Hall (a credit to the Community Hall Association), and an up-to-date garage.

The little town soon became the hub of the Central Interior. From it leads a road to Francois Lake, crossing it by a free government ferry capable of handling eight touring cars at a trip, although now proving hopelessly inadequate owing to the ever-increasing traffic caused by tourists on their way to Tweedsmuir Park and the surprising development of the mining and timber industries.

A road which gives the best grade, hard surface, and shortest distance to Babine Lake has succeeded in developing the timber industry as far north as Babine, some 18 portable mills and two large ones being in operation.

South to Francois Lake, and across it, sawmills are everywhere, but the low load limit on the ferry makes the haul unprofitable—almost prohibitive.

Mining interests in the Big Eutsuk, Tahtsa and Big Eutsuk Ranges outfit largely at Burns Lake and the town may no longer be called "The Vagrant Village," for between farming and ranching, mining and trap-

continued on page 53

The Agricultural Development of Northern B. C.

The following address was broadcast over station CKPG on February 25th, by Mr. J. Manning, District Agriculturist of Prince George, and paints such a vivid word picture of the agricultural possibilities of the district that we asked Mr. Manning's permission to reproduce it in the pages of the Digest for the benefit of those who had not heard the original broadcast.

by J. Manning
District Agriculturalist, Prince George District

It was in the year 1805 that Simon Fraser, acting on behalf of the North-West Company, built Fort McLeod, on the lake of that name, and thereby established the first permanent settlement in what is now the rich and beautiful Province of British Columbia. During the first year of the Fort's existence a garden was planted, which, although none too successful, was the first known attempt to live off the land in this province. Fort St. James was built in 1806, and by 1811 Daniel Harmon, the Trader in Charge, not only grew vegetables but planted and harvested the first crop of barley and is entitled to be called the first farmer in the province. At Fort St. James, in its first year the run of salmon had not made its appearance by August, and the personnel faced starvation if supplies could not be obtained elsewhere. This condition forced Simon Fraser to send his assistant, Stuart, to investigate the existence of another lake. The lake was located and named Fraser Lake by Stuart, and the prospects of salmon and trade being good, Fraser himself went over and established Fort Fraser. This was in the year 1806.

It was at Fort Fraser that the company made its first serious attempt to farm, and the present farm of Messrs. T. E. and W. Gerhardi is on the original site, and was the first farm in this province. It is worth mentioning that this land has been cropped almost every year since 1835.

From 1806 until the turn of the present century, no agricultural development of importance took place except that undertaken by the North-West or Hudson's Bay Companies after amalgamation in 1821. It was the Hudson's Bay Company who introduced the first domesticated cattle into the province in the year 1830.

The next important step in the development of Central B.C. came shortly after the discovery of gold in the Yukon in 1897. The prohibitive costs of transportation and the overcrowding of the steamers running to and from Skagway forced many prospectors to seek overland routes. Possibly the most favored of these was the one that followed the Cariboo Highway to Quesnel, then turned Northwest along the Blackwater River, and continued on through Fort Fraser, Burns Lake, Aldermere, Hazelton, and finally up Telegraph Creek to Atlin. The prospectors took their supplies in by pack train and during the long and arduous journey had ample opportunity to note the type of country they were passing through and to assess its relative agricultural values. We know that some of them made the mental reserve to return to some special spot they had chosen, if things did not turn out to their liking in the Yukon, for return some of them did. As near as can be found out, the first of these prospectors returned in 1902 and took up land in the Bulkley Valley and near the established village of Aldermere, which, since its removal to a new site is now known as Telkwa.

Between the years of 1902 and 1910 this movement of settlers continued and can be considered as the first real agricultural development in Central B.C. Small herds of cattle and horses were brought in, and soon the settlers were able to vary their diets by using home-grown products.

The building of the Grand Trunk Railway through Central B.C. during the years 1909 and 1914 gave a great impetus to agriculture, as well as supplying part-time work to many of the settlers. As the line penetrated inland, so it became more difficult for the contractors to obtain supplies for both men and horses. Timothy hay and oats were in great demand and a ready market for these two commodities was at the front doors of those that had them.

The land in the Bulkley Valley is generally of a rolling character, and being rather lightly covered with small poplar and spruce is fairly easily cleared. In the earlier days, too, there were many large natural clearings. Timothy adapted itself naturally in the Bulkley Valley, and the newly-cleared areas as well as the natural open spaces,

Moricetown

For hundreds of years this spot has lured salmon fishermen from far and wide.

A nice catch.

Anyone, tourist or other, who has not witnessed and experienced salmon fishing at Moricetown Canyon on the Bulkley River, twenty-three miles north of Smithers, has missed a lot.

Time-worn trails in the rock by moccasin-clad feet are only one of the many indications that Indians here have fished for salmon in their various ways for many centuries. First, with their primitive wooden or bone hooks and spears, basket-trap made of sticks sewn together with willow bark, of which there is still one on hand sometimes used, or babiche net, laboriously made of very fine babiche. Then, with the advent of the whiteman, with crude spears and hooks made from bits of metal either salvaged or bought at a high price. And now, today, with an ingenious contrivance of well-fashioned metal hook, the shank of which is embedded in a wooden plug which fits very snugly into a hole in the end of a very long slender pole. A piece of strong babiche from the hook to the pole allows the fish to dangle loosely when impaled, thereby enabling the Indian to more easily haul the salmon up the side of the rock wall of the canyon without so much danger of it tearing loose or of the pole breaking.

The first of the season to arrive is the large Spring, some weighing up to sixty-five pounds. Next comes the Sockeye, then the Cohoe, then the Humpy or Pinks, and then the Dog Salmon. Of course, intermixed with these are the "Jacks," the Steelhead and the trout.

On a day when there is a good run on, one may stand on the traffic bridge that spans the canyon and watch them in their thousands fighting their way up the rushing, swirling water, and then see them leaping and battling to make the ten-foot fall, very few making it the first try but falling back to be cruelly bruised on the sharp rocks, but nevertheless trying again and again.

The lower end of the canyon is now well patronized by white residents and tourists, angling for them with light casting rod and light line or with light rod and light line, the light rod and line offering the most sport. Many, very many, are caught. And the thrill of battling a sixteen to twenty-five-pound salman for from fifteen minutes to half an hour is an experience not soon forgotten. The Steelhead, of course, is the terror of the lot. Even the hardened angler with many years experience knows the shudder of fear for his choice spoon or favorite lure when he feels the Steelhead strike. To start fishing with a backing of less than three hundred feet of line would be foolish. And the taste—m-m-m-mm, boy!

Agriculture in Northern B.C.

produced timothy hay in abundance. Practically all the settler had to do was to close-chop and burn the trees, and then harvest the volunteer crop in the fall. In 1912 both timothy hay and feed oats were worth $100 a ton to the producer and there are still a number of old-time farmers who recall these good times.

This development and the local market was repeated all along the line of construction, from Hazelton to McBride, and was the direct means of opening up the entire area. The western terminus was not chosen until much of the line had been graded, and at one time it was believed that either the main line or a branch line would go south from Burns Lake to Dean Channel on the coast. Anticipating this, some settlers landed at the head of Dean Channel and not only walked overland to Ootsa Lake but brought in livestock, wagons and other farm equipment, in what was the first settlement of the area south of Burns Lake. The Shelford families, still residents of Ootsa Lake, were among the first to travel this route.

Between the years of 1908 and 1912, Vanderhoof and Prince George received their first agricultural settlers, most of whom came over what is still known as Blackwater road. Land was taken up at many points along this road and some of these farms are still being operated. Horse stages were operated from Quesnel to both Fort Fraser and Prince George, and as time went on many prospective settlers used this mode of conveyance. The

continued on page 54

Why Not Go NORTH?

30 years in the north-country has not dampened the author's enthusiasm for living in a land where opportunity and elbow-room abound.

THE AUTHOR - looking thoughtful

Now that gas and tires are off the ration list and the prospect of getting a new car something more than a rose-colored dream of the future, many of us are turning to thoughts of the open road.

North of the Canadian National Railway in British Columbia stretches a vast area practically untouched by man. Here and there through the years some intrepid miner or sportsman has penetrated its primeval stillness, to emerge, a satisfied look in his eye, with a full poke, or overflowing game bags to his credit. For the most part, however, the Indians live, trap, and fish, much as they have done for centuries past. Unchanged in many ways, under civilization's thin veneer, from their forefathers through the ages.

Here one finds, still alive, the legend of the "Stick Siwash," the evil ones who come in the night to take vengeance on the camp. Here your Indian guide, who seemed last night to possess the wisdom of the ages, may appear this morning a miserable, trembling thing, afraid even to enter the woods far enough to gather the wood for your fire. Here also, after hours of following this same guide over a maze of what seems to you totally barren country, you will be startled out of your disgusted reverie by a whispered, "There! You see him?" and an outstretched arm will indicate a grizzly at play on the mountain side, or a magnificent bull moose, standing alert where a moment before you could have sworn there were only trees, or rocks.

Here also, if you wish to journey far enough afield, the big horn sheep still roam at will, and mountain goat leap gracefully from crag to crag, always up, towards the clouds.

Vast lakes shimmer in the sun and tumbling streams carry food to the darting trout which await your lure, while still deeper in the clear, cold water, monster rainbow, Dolly

continued on page 55

A beauty spot and anglers paradise of the far north.

What Unemployment Insurance Is Doing

We have heard many unfavorable comments on the Unemployment Insurance Act. It has been described as a "Gyp," a "Racket," and we have been told that no one could ever collect a cent from the Government unless they were in the last stages of decreptitude. Since we ourselves donate to the Unemployment Insurance Office at Prince George, and since we are human and do not like to think that we are contributing to a racket, we asked Mr. W. L. Forrester, manager of the Prince George office of the Unemployment Insurance, to tell us what it was all about. He kindly consented to do so, and we sincerely hope that the following article will clear up any misunderstandings which may have beclouded the minds of the people who read this magazine.

Ever since the first Unemployment Insurance Act was passed in Britain in 1911, the people of Canada had asked for a legislation that would protect persons who were unemployed through no fault of their own . As a result, in June, 1919, a report was submitted by a Royal Commission which had been appointed to investigate industrial conditions in Canada, and they recommended that some sort of State Social Insurance be enacted to protect those who, through no fault of their own, were unable to find work. A Bill was introduced in 1926 to implement the recommendation of the Royal Commission. This legislation was federal in character, but each province had the option of coming under the scheme.

It was generally believed that under provisions of the British North America Act, Unemployment Insurance came within the jurisdiction of the Provinces. In 1929 and 1930, when the Provinces were consulted as to the possibility of a National Unemployment Insurance scheme, various objections were raised by a number of Provinces.

The Unemployment Insurance subject continued to be discussed until 1935, when the Dominion Government introduced a measure providing for a National Unemployment Insurance Plan. The right of the Federal Government was challenged by the Provinces, and the Act was declared ultra vires by the Supreme Court of Canada. This decision was upheld by the Privy Council in London in 1937. Eventually, however, consent was given by each Province, and the British North America Act was amended. In 1940, the Dominion Government passed the present Unemployment Insurance Act, the first Social Legislation to be enacted in Canada under the Dominion Government. Contributions under the Act commenced on July 1, 1941.

The primary function of the Act is to provide an employment service. The fundamental object of this Employment Service is to find suitable employment for every employable person who may desire employment. Should no suitable work be available, to apply insurance principles to the uncertainties of unemployment; in other words, by the payment of small premiums or contributions from wages for this protection.

The Act is administered by a Commission of three. Of these, other than the Chief Commissioner, one is appointed after consultation with organizations representative of workers, and one after consultation with organizations representative of employers. In other words, a co-operative enterprise between workers and employers under government supervision and direction, should develop to the mutual advantage of all parties and the public generally. This Commission functions through a network of employment offices which have been established all across Canada. These offices replace entirely the employment Service of Canada, which was under provincial jurisdiction. They are open to all employers and employees, whether or not they are covered by insurance, and no compulsion is ordinarily imposed in the use of the offices. This is modified at present by the remaining National Selective Service Regulations, which still require employers to notify vacancies to Local Offices, employees to register for employment, and employees and employers to give seven days' notice on termination of employment in respect of employees who have been employed for over one month. It is insisted that no person shall be discriminated against because of racial origin, religious beliefs, or political affiliations.

In addition to their functions as Employment Offices, they are also responsible for the issuance of Insurance Books and the Registration of Claims for Insurance Benefit. Veterans' Officers have also been established in the local offices, who look after Veterans' problems. These offices are also now paying Veterans' Out-of-Work Allowances. All staff for these offices are Civil Servants, and selections are made by the Civil Service Commission after competitive examinations.

The nature of an employment service is such that its operations are largely local in character, as the local office is the point of contact between persons in that district seeking employment, and employers who are seeking workers. For this reason, the pattern of the Employment Service is set in the local offices. The importance of em-

continued on page 19

by W. L. Forrester

Manager of Prince George Unemployment Insurance Office

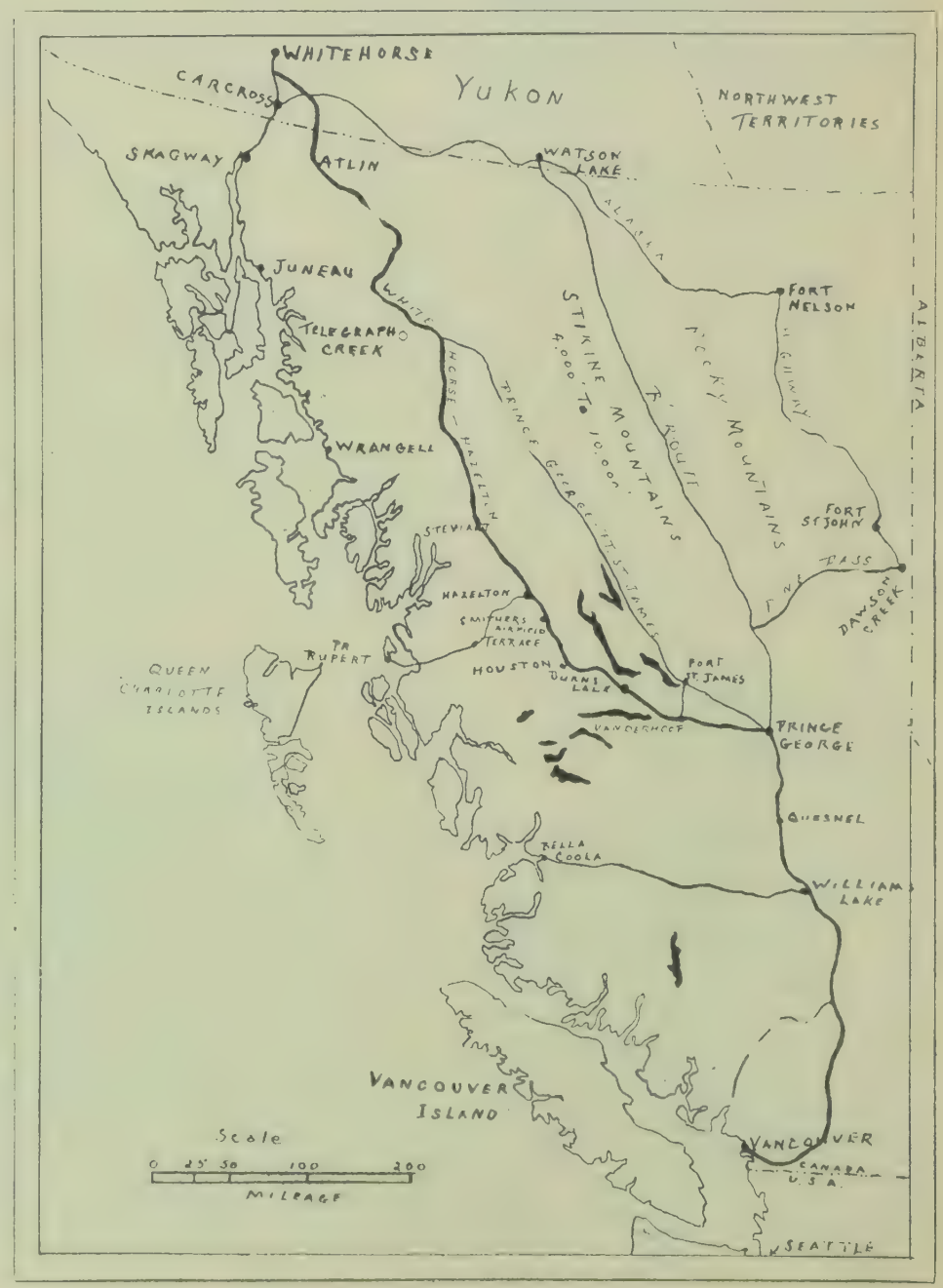
The 'WESTERN' Alaska Highway

by Walter Wilson

Immediately east of the Coast Range is a great valley that extends roughly from Alaska to Mexico. Down the past ages it was the one great highway for travel from Asia through this continent. Lesser offshoots branched over into the Mackenzie River watersheds. The progenitors of our American Indian, wave after wave, travelled this route, seeking the freedom of a new land as, in later days, did the Pilgrim Fathers. For many years the mid-northern portion has been known as the Hazelton Trail.

In the sixties Colonel Bulkley sought a way throughh by Fort St. James, Takla and Bear Lakes, with headquarters at Bulkley House, at the head of Takla, for his overland telegraph line to Alaska, Asia and Europe. He abandoned this route, moved his outfit to Hazelton, and worked his way through the gentle wooded slopes of the Kispiox River Valley. He had reached the Nass River when the Great Eastern finally succeeded in laying the Atlantic cable and the project was discontinued.

The gold trail of '98 followed Colonel Bulkley's trail for a little over twenty miles, and it is unfortunate that a breakaway was made. There were other trails and many, unaccustomed to the woods and hills, were getting lost. Two government men were sent out, starting from Hazelton, to blaze a trail to Telegraph Creek Post on the Stikine River. The two sought out an Indian denizen for guide, Gunnanoot, notorious in later days. The Indian did not welcome the thought of droves of white men travelling through his home hunting grounds in the Nass River Valley and cannily led the men away from the Kispiox River, which they should have followed to its source, up and over the divide to the Skeena River slopes, up and down the steeps of Poison and Sob Mountains. Once clear of his domain, he led them over a fairly good trail. However, the only prospectors who won through to the new gold fields with horses and outfits, travelled by this trail.

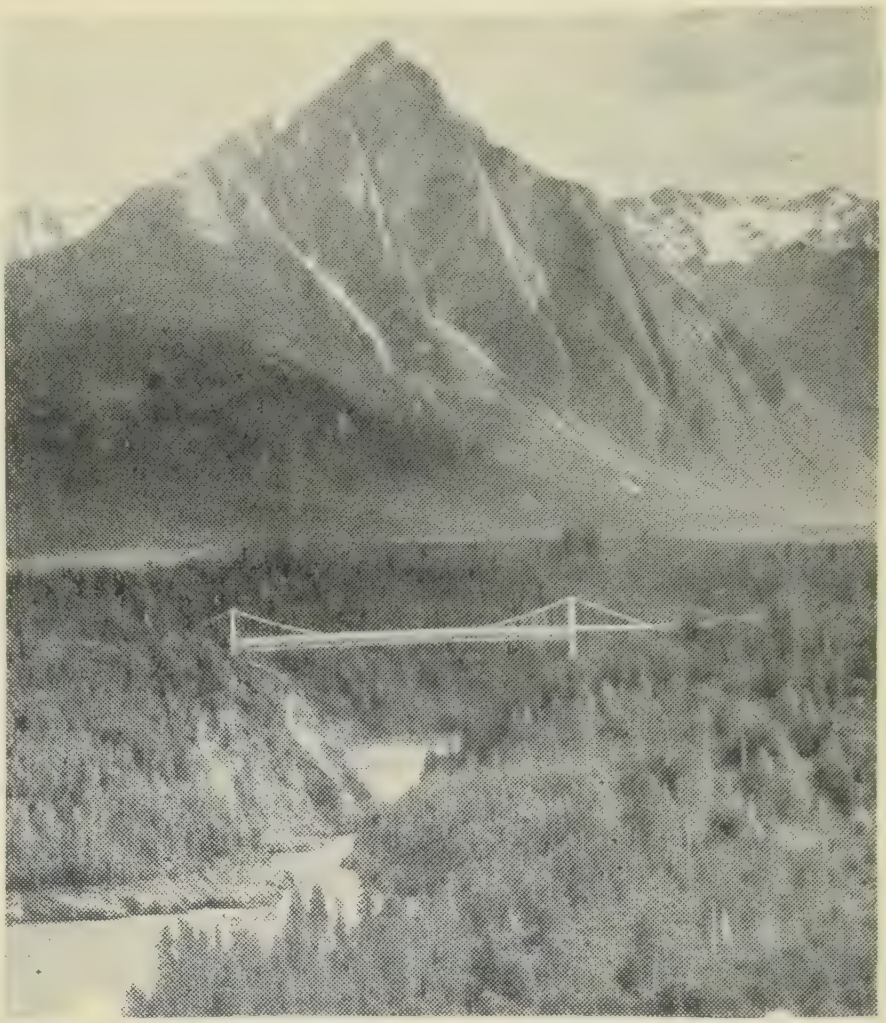


In more modern days the "Dominion Telegraph" built their line northwest from Hazelton. Before leaving Hazelton, the construction foreman was strongly advised by Charlie Barrett, a grand oldtimer, who is still with us, to pass up this well-blazed gold trail and continue up the Kispiox, carry on over the divide and head northwest up the Nass River basin. Construction southward from the village of Telegraph Creek was commencing about the same time. When the two parties should have met, scouts were sent out, but neither could find sign nor hear sound of the other. Charlie was commissioned to find their relative positions and, knowing the country, did so. He found that the party from Hazelton had disregarded his advice, taken the gold trail, and that the two outfits were about fifty miles apart. He blazed through and tied the two ends in. Charlie suggested that it would be much better to abandon the work done from the south and rebuild along the proper location. His advice was not followed, but it would have paid many times over to have done so. Had this been done, the Alaska Highway might have been built long ago.

A British Columbia highway to the Yukon and Alaska has long been envisioned and for decades the Hazelton, Kispiox, Nass River route was accepted as THE WAY. As late as 1930 the beautiful $250,000 suspension bridge over the Bulkley River at Hagwilget Canyon, just east of Hazelton, was built as part of the coming Alaska Highway.

As war clouds gathered, the paramount and immediate necessity of a road to Alaska became obvious. Alaska is north, also west. Fairbanks is nearly 1,500 miles west of Vancouver. The logical road was one that would start at the farthest north and farthest west points reached by an existing standard-gauge railway, provided the route from that point was feasible. This point was obviously the station for Hazelton, namely, New Hazelton, on the Canadian National Railway. There was ample data on hand to demonstrate that a road from Hazelton was not only feasible but one that lacked physical difficulties of any moment under the circumstances. Government land and geological surveys had covered the entire country to be traversed and there had been travel for fifty years in modern times . There is a rail-

continued on page 36



Rocher de Boule Mt., famous landmark near Hazelton—with highway suspension bridge over the Bulkley River in the foreground.

The Highway Secretary of the Burns Lake Board of Trade author of this article is an engineer of high standards and unquestioned integrity. While his proposed route may or may not be the best of several such highway proposals it clearly reveals that a great mass of people is vitally interested in land transportation in the North country. We have in the past, published articles presenting arguments in favour of the Rocky Mountain Trench route. It is our policy however, to present all sides of any question and we are pleased to be able to present this article by Walter Wilson outlining the feasibility of the Hazelton, or original "A" route.

Memoirs of a Rambler

by Youknohoo

Wherein The Rambler Takes a Pipe-fitting Job

"Pipe fitting," the mine foreman said sincerely, "is possibly the best job in the mine. Now, if you knew anything about it, I would give you that job."

I wavered between outright honesty and honesty tempered with fiction. I had at one time worked for a wholesale plumbing concern which handled large quantities of pipe. My inner mind wondered if this experience might not allow me to call myself a pipe-fitter. My imagination came to my rescue.

"I have worked around pipe a great deal," I said.

"Good, start on the morning shift." With these words the foreman left me and my small packsack to our own devices. I parked my belongings in the bunk-house and edged my way towards the blacksmith shop. There, I thought, I would at least learn what on earth they used pipes for in a mine. And, as luck would have it, I arrived at the shop just as the pipefitter whose job I was falling heir to, wound up a conversation with the blacksmith.

"T' blurry much work here," he asserted, "too danged much climbin' up and climbin' down. Let some other sucker do the pipefittin'. Me, I'm through."

Momentarily I wondered if I had not been a mite too hasty in precipitating myself into a job, which was apparently of considerable magnitude.

"The foreman gave me the job," I said.

Blacksmith and ex-pipefitter looked at my scrawny form with amazement.

"You?" they echoed in chorus.

"Uh huh," I admitted sheepishly, "me."

"Hah," snorted the ex-pipefitter and strode out of the shop.

"Helluva job," commented the blacksmith and turned to his forge.

Deciding that any information which I might gain there would be of no advantage, I left the shop and strolled back to the bunk-house. I had already experienced the agonies of trying to do a job of which I

continued on page 73

GRIZZLIES are Cannibals

Tony Zlott, intrepid trapper, guide, hunter and riverman—who is one of the best in the North woods—and I were camped on the bank of the Crooked River, which flows out of Summit Lake, thirty-two miles north of Prince George, B.C. Incidentally, Summit Lake is the gateway to the north country. One can journey out of Summit Lake, by river travel, to the Arctic Ocean. The new Peace River road from Prince George to Dawson Creek, opening up this great game country, is now under construction. While at Summit Lake, preparing for our departure down the Crooked River, we could hear the sounds of progress as bulldozers, trucks and men tore into the heart of virgin forest. These sounds were lost in the distant spruce, birch and balsam groves as our outboard motor burst into life, carrying us toward the mouth of the Crooked River in quest of the bull moose of the north woods of B.C. But the moose were scarce. Tracks were not evident. Not that moose are scarce in this game paradise; but they simply weren't running. Rutting season had not begun as yet, and we had to pass the hours in drinking coffee beside our campfires and in telling yarns concerning wild life of the B.C. wilderness. When we camped at the beginning of the third riffle on the bank of the Crooked River, we spread out our ground sheet, unrolled our sleeping bags, and prepared for sleep. But we were not quite ready for the eiderdowns. We were detained by the warmth of a cozy campfire.

"Supposing a grizzly bear were to come prowling around tonight, deciding to entertain us, how'd you feel?" Mr. Zlott directed his question to myself.

"No grizzlies around here; they dont' come up river this far, do they?" I replied.

"Sure," he answered. "The possibilities are here. We could have a visitor. But the chances are slim." I sort of heaved a sigh of relief.

"Ever shoot grizzlies?" I asked, at the same time realizing that he had shot more grizzlies than I'll ever see.

"Sure," he answered. "But the fact that intrigues me mostly concerning the grizzly bear is not widely known. In fact, few people realize that grizzlies are cannibals."

"Cannibals!" The incredulity could not be seen on my face because of the soft light of our campfire's glow. In all my experience in hunting deer, bear and moose I had not crossed trails with a grizzly, neither was I acquainted with this habit of the grizzly bear. In fact. I have not gone out of my way to hunt grizzlies.

"Sure," he answered. "They eat each other . . . after they're dead, of course." Then he enlightened me on the subject, and I am now able to realize why this fact is not widely known. Few hunters are able to see and bag a grizzly. If they are fortunate and do connect, they do not leave the bear and go back to the kill like trappers have done. They skin their bear and pull out, not aware of later developments if more grizzlies are in the surrounding territory. Trappers, who are in constant contact with the out-of-doors, who have traplines in grizzly bear country, have discovered this fact.

"The grizzly bear, you will understand," began Mr. Zlott, "is of giant size, having tremendous power in its gigantic bulk. I have had grizzlies walk off with moose which I had shot and left over night in the forest. They pick up the carcass of a dead moose in their forearms and walk off with it as easily as you'd carry an armful of wood. A moose will weigh around six or seven hundred pounds or better. They have tipped the scales at twelve hundred pounds, yet a grizzly can handle a small moose. One day I shot a moose toward evening, gutted it, and left it, as darkness was descending fast, intending to get the meat in the morning the following day. When I arrived on the scene of my kill, I discovered that a huge grizzly had picked up the carcass of the moose and walked off with it as easily as you'd carry a bundle of parcels in your arms. My trapline runs through grizzly

continued page 86

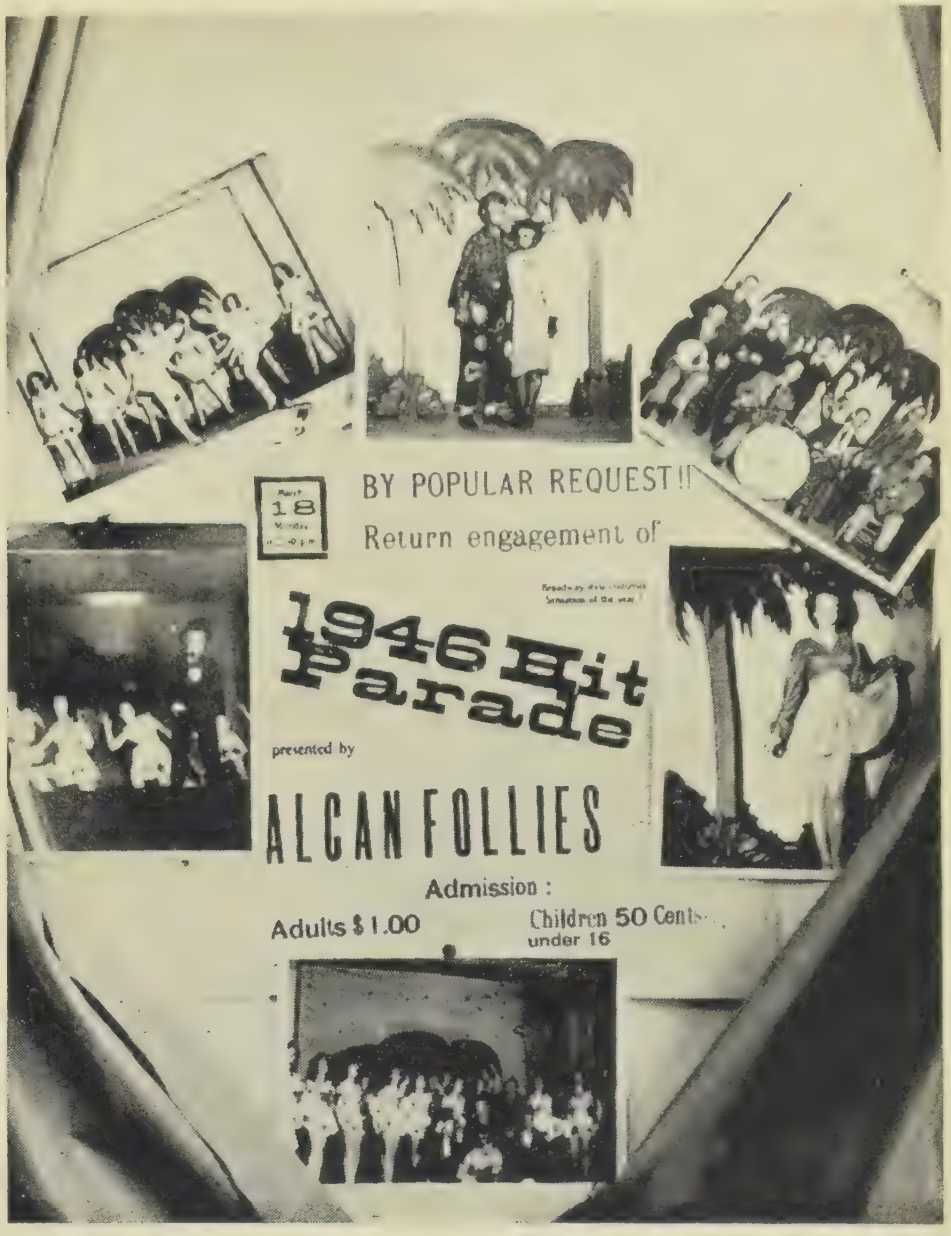
By Cariboo King.

'Alcan Follies' of - 46

The Alcan Follies of Fort St. John, B.C., is the result of an idea conceived by the people of that town to find and develop hidden talent from amongst the everyday peoples in the district. The manner in which they have done so is, we think, worthy of special mention in these columns.

The ALCAN FOLLIES have brought Broadway to the Peace River country, with all that goes

Broadway and the "bright lights" may be 3,000 miles away but these people of the Peace River Bloc created their own show—and found much hidden talent—

The "Belle" of the Show

with it: stage settings, foot and flood lights, glittering stage costumes beautifully tailored, chorus girls, minstrel shows, etc., to say nothing of the interest that has been forthcoming from all sides.

The ALCAN FOLLIES are getting together the nucleus of an organization which will encourage the development of expression and a love of the arts. Their "1946 HIT PARADE," recently performed at Fort St. John, was certainly the biggest show ever held north of Vancouver.

We understand a Music Studio has been planned by the management and instruction will be given in the following subjects: Piano, violin, trumpet, saxophone, vocal, dancing and dramatic art. Experienced teachers are to be made available.

The ALCAN FOLLIES, with their pretty girls beautifully costumed a la Broadway, the individual singers, dancers, instrumentalists, and their well trained orchestra are off to a good start. It is the biggest theatrical venture ever undertaken north of Vancouver.

Unemploymemt Insurance

continued from page 13

players' relations in each office is axiomatic, and stress has been laid in the organization on the very real advantages which accrue to the operation of the Service from the thoroughly satisfactory contacts with employers. Likewise, guidance has been given to the local offices in regard to interviewing of applicants in an intelligent manner, in order to obtain the fullest information on background and experience, with a view to assisting applicants to the greatest possible extent, and making the best selections of applicants for referral to employers.

One of the important principles in social insurance is that it must be actuarially sound. This is done by a completely integrated scheme of contributions and benefits based on earning classes. The contributions of employer and insured are about equal in the aggregate, and the Dominion Government is required to contribute an amount equal to one-fifth of th amount jointly contributed by employers and insured persons. In addition, the Govern-

continued on page 81

LAND OF THE SUNSET TRAIL

The Lake District of British Columbia has as many nick-names as there are "Lake Districts" in British Columbia. A student of English will be able to pick many flaws in the foregoing statement, but a native British Columbian will agree that the statement is correct.

The Kootenay folks call their country the Lake District. The people in the Okanagan call their territory the Lake District, and on Vancouver Island they have several Lake Districts. All of which proves that the inventive genius of man has been chiefly utilized in the art of making mechanical gadgets.

Up Burns Lake way, 160 miles northwest of Prince George, on the C.N.R., they call the country "The Lake District," "The Land of the Sunset Trail," and many other names that are unprintable—chiefly because of their Indian origin. At least, the Indians are blamed for the origin of the names.

The name "Sunset Trail," however, is correct. Nowhere on this continent will one find finer sunrises or view more glorious sunsets. This is due, in large part, to the fact that the valleys run easterly and westerly, and so encompass within their lengths the full glory of the sun's rays.

The term "Lake District" is also correct. Large lakes, small lakes, puddles and holes. There are hundreds of them within range of the town of Burns Lake. Twenty-two miles to the north of the town is Babine Lake, 110 miles of it. The longest lake in the province, Babine is still as primitive as it was in the days of Company of Gentlemen Adventurers. A few Indians have encampments along its shores. A few whitemen trap the surrounding wilderness, a few tourists hunt and fish and revel in this virgin land, the country of the Babine. A lonely sawmill puffs and shrieks in a vain endeavor to make itself heard—and that is all.

One sign which may still be seen at the road's end where the waters of Babine lap the shore gives a fairly accurate idea of the country.

"See big Joe, guide, good boat, never get lost, get you there quick."

Thus does civilization make its feeble imprint on the hereditary land of the Babines, wherein the Indians still trade with the "Hudson's Bay Company"; and where, it is rumored, that the arts of witchcraft and black magic are still practised whenever the primitive mind feels the urge toward the spectacular.

The road from Burns Lake in to the Babine country winds through a wild and lonely stretch of land. There are two small settlements, Forestdale and Topley. They represent civilization and supply the homesteaders and mill operators. There are a few ranches scattered upon either side of the road, many small portable mills, and more lakes—Decker Lake being the largest, and the most easily seen, since the road skirts it for a mile or so. The early fur barons must have taken high tribute from this land, for where the road crosses the summit and drops down into the Babine Valley a traveller may stop his car and, without leaving it, trace the old beaver dams, hundreds of yards in length, which once served to support a colony of beavers which must have been so large that the thought of it staggers the imagination. But they are all gone and only the rabbit, the howling coyote, the moose and the deer move in that silent, uncanny country.

However, the mountains in this region are reputedly highly mineralized, and if one cares to follow a side road he can, in due course, arrive at the site of a mine which may, even now, be working, but which was two years ago in perfect harmony with its surroundings. Silent, mysterious, with only an ancient watchman there to see that the implements of industry were not removed.

Visiting fishermen, however, love this stretch of territory. For the lakes and creeks abound with fighting trout, chiefly rainbows. But in a country that is so full of wonder-

A fortune awaits the man who will build a first-class lodge near this lovely spot on Babine Lake.

ful fishing opportunities they are regarded by the inhabitants of Burns Lake as being commonplace and actually of not much account.

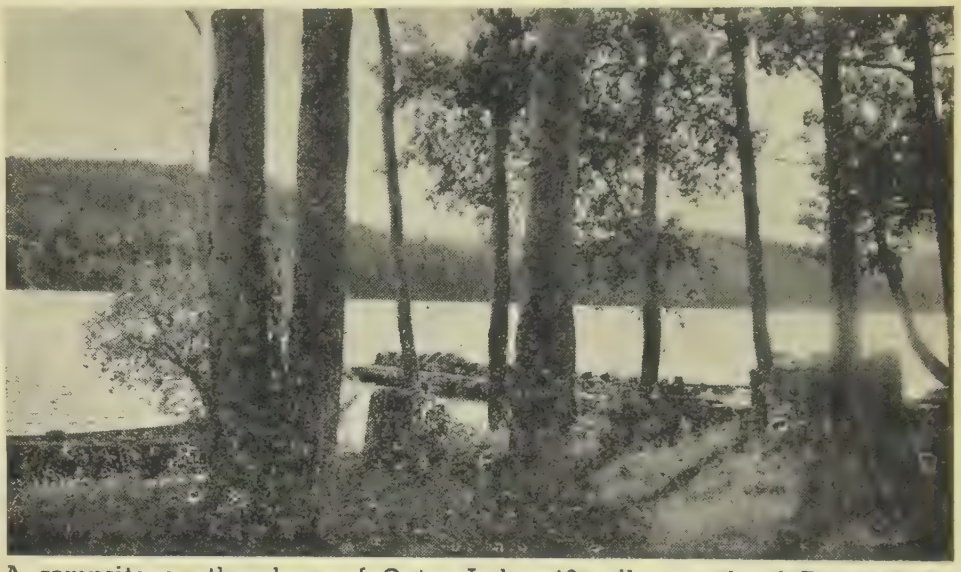
The town of Burns Lake has a population of 300. It is a sprawling place, and it takes little imagination to picture it as a frontier outpost, which it really is. The railroad that passes besides the town does little to dispel this feeling and the fact that the highway which passes through the town leads to the city of Prince Rupert on the coast adds to its attraction. There are, it is true, grocery and hardware stores, a modern electric light plant, elementary and high schools, a bank and a hospital, cafes, and several wholesale agencies. But, even so, Burns Lake has not succeeded in pushing the wilderness back very far. And to a person who is tired of the rush and hurry of a large city, this small town seems like the answer to a prayer.

One of the most noticeable sights of the town is a large rustic "Welcome Sign," which proclaims Burns Lake as the "Gateway To Tweedsmuir Park." There is also a large brass bell close by this sign, which the writer was given to understand was all that was left of the original Burns Lake Fire Department. For it seems that a fire occurred in the town one night—in the fire hall, to be exact—and all that was left of the equipment was the bell. (Whether or not this story is true, I do not know; but that is the way it was told to me by several people who sat around the lobby of the Omineca Hotel one night, regaling me with hair-raising stories. Therefore, if the story is not true, may the fault rest where it belongs.)

South of the town of Burns Lake lies the real tourist country. There is romance in the very names of the multitude of lakes—Tchesinkut, Francois, Ootsa, the Whitesail, to name but a few. There is romance, too, around every bend of the highway, which between Burns Lake and Francois Lake has been widened and gravel surfaced and finished so well that it is perhaps, outside of the hard-surfaced roads in the southern coastal areas, one

continued on page 87

Burns Lake, as viewed by a party of tourists from the hills to the northwest of the town.



A campsite on the shore of Ootsa Lake, 43 miles south of Burns Lake. It can be reached by road.

Whitesail Lake, one of the chain of lakes that form the circle tour south of Burns Lake. Chickamin Mountain, in the distance, is the scene of recent sensational gold strikes.

Aklavik as seen from the air. It is the centre of trade for hundreds of miles around, and plans have been drawn for a $200,000 hospital to be built here. The Arctic Ocean is 50 miles farther north.

Destination - Aklavik

AKLAVIK.—Fifty miles from the Arctic Ocean, at the beginning of the Mackenzie River delta; land of the Eskimo, the midnight sun, the kayak; from whence come fabulously valuable bales of fur and more than a little gold . . . YELLOWKNIFE.—On the shore of the vast inland sea that is Great Slave Lake, headwaters of the Mackenzie River, scene of the biggest gold rush in years, where 10,000 gold mining claims were staked in the past two years, some through the snow, to be sold the following day or week for ten, twenty, fifty thousand dollars . . . ELDORADO.—Cradle of atomic power. . . .

These centres, plus scores of trading posts and trappers' outposts, are to be the destination points for thousands of tons of freight shortly to be moved along the north country's newest transportation system, the equipment for which is now being rushed to completion at Fort St. John and at Fort Nelson, 250 miles farther north along the Alcan Highway.

Although Edmonton is still to be the supply depot for the north country, the freight will move for at least half of its journey to Aklavik over an entirely new route; a route which will advance the arrival of the first water-borne freight by as much as six weeks.

For decades Edmonton has been the supply centre for the Northwest Territories. And invariably the first heavy freight of the year went in by the same route—north by rail to Waterways, Alberta, head of navigation on the Athabaska River, and thence by river boat and barge to Fort Smith on Alberta's northern border, where boats, scows and load were portaged some 18 miles before completing their journey to Port Resolution, where the Athabaska River flows into the south side of Great Slave Lake. If the barges and boats left Waterways immediately after the ice "went out" on the river, they invariably arrived at Great Slave Lake from a month to six weeks before the ice was due to break up on the lake, with the ice being too rotten to risk portaging over it.

Because of the late break-up of the ice on the great lake, delivery of freight destined for points on the Mackenzie River was delayed anywhere from a month to six weeks. The rivers were open to travel, but the ice formed an impassable barrier, and there was no alternative route . . . That is, there WAS no alternative route prior to the completion of the Alcan Highway.

The new route, over which the freight may move without waiting for lake ice to break up, calls for the supplies to be shipped over the Northern Alberta Railways to Dawson Creek, fifteen miles inside the B.C. border, thence by truck over the Alcan Highway to Fort Nelson at mile 300, there to be loaded onto barges and river boats for their journey down the Nelson River, approximately 110 miles to where it enters the Liard, and on down the Liard to its junction with the Mackenzie at Fort Simpson. From Fort Simpson on down the Mackenzie it is clear sailing, the river being 20 miles wide in spots and seldom less than a mile.

The advantages are manifold. Chief of these, however, is the fact that by by-passing Great Slave Lake freight can be landed at Aklavik and northern outposts from four to six weeks earlier than by the old route. When one considers that the inhabitants of Aklavik are frozen in for eight months of the year, it is easy to understand why the six weeks becomes so important. Over the old route freight arrived approximately July 15th. The new system will land it at Aklavik on June 3rd or 4th. For the past seven years ice on the Mackenzie at this post has broken up within 24 hours of June 2nd, with freeze-up coming again in October.

Another advantage, and a very decided one, is that once the freight is loaded into the boats at Fort Nelson there are no costly portages to make. It can be delivered at a saving of $45 per carload lot over freight shipped by the old route, and, because of less handling, will in all probability arrive in better condition. Though the saving in freight costs is not very great, when one considers that the freight rates from Dawson Creek, B.C., to Aklavik is $4.90 per hundred pounds, even a small saving is more than welcome.

To the freighter, the riverman doing the actual work, the new route is indeed a blessing, for portaging, even small craft, has always been the bugaboo of the riverman, while the moving of 30-ton barges and hundreds of tons of freight overland from one water route to another is a task of no mean proportions (see accompanying photo).

Pioneering the new route are (as well might be suspected) two old-time northerners, Wm. "Bill" Strong, veteran riverman, and W. J. "Red" Powell, well-known northern truck line operator. "Bill" has been freighting on northern rivers in

One of the barges partially finished. Standing on the left is Bill Strong. Sitting on the saw-horse next to him is "Red" Powell. The barges could be made much bigger if it were not for the fact that in the fall the Nelson River sometimes has less than 11 inches of water. The power-boats will be of the tunnel-stern type.

The tiny settlement of Coppermine, overlooking the Arctic Ocean, to the left. Much of the freight to be hauled over the new route is destined for this point, though it will not be taken past Aklavik by the river boats. Coppermine is approximately 500 miles east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River. (See map.)

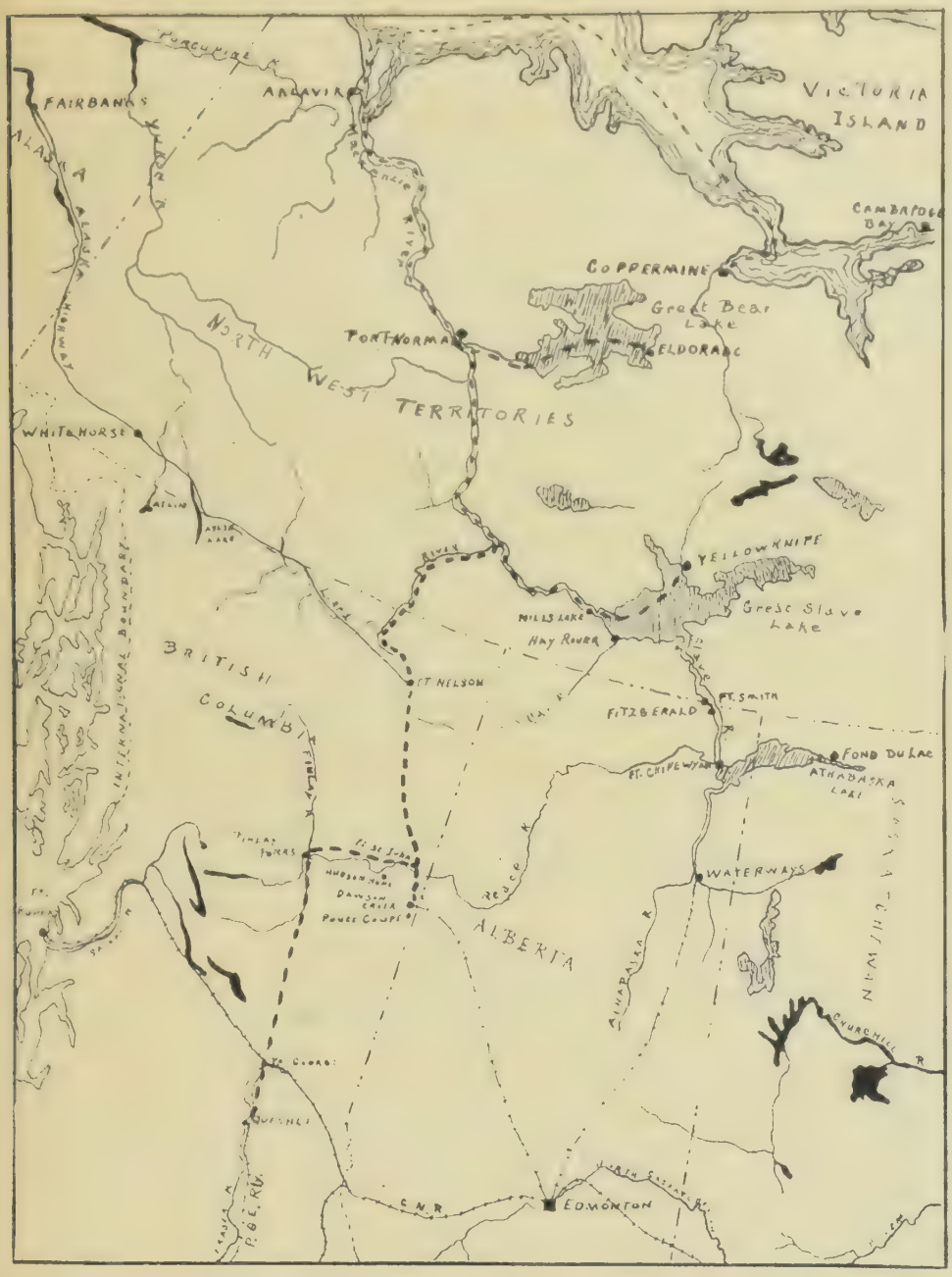
Alaska, the Yukon and Northwest Territories for nigh on 40 years and is responsible for having introduced the first high-speed gasoline engines to northern rivermen—a 72 h.p. Scripps 6-cylinder job, which he installed in a riverboat in Alaska in 1908. (It took the combined efforts of Bill and his cronies a week to get the ding-blasted new-fangled contraption started the first time, but thereafter it worked like a charm, says Bill.)

Together Bill and Red conceived the idea of the new route, pooled their knowledge, enthusiasm and resources, formed the B.C. Mackenzie Navigation Company, and settled down to work. Throughout the winter Red's "Powell Transportation Company" warehouse has been a scene of feverish activity. Time was at a premium if the advantages of the new route were to be demonstrated this year. Six huge barges, measiuring 100 by 30 feet, and two riverboats, powered with 200 h.p. Buda diesels, were built, complete except for the final planking, and then dismantled, each piece of each craft being carefully marked so that re-eassembly could take place at Fort Nelson (250 miles farther north on the Alcan Highway) without any lost time.

At the time of this writer's visit to Powell Transportation Company's warehouse at Fort St. John on March 25th, the scene was indeed a busy one. Trucks were being loaded with the thousand and one pieces of lumber, each one carefully sawn, planed, mortized, fitted, bolted, and then unbolted that comprise the parts of a hundred-foot barge or 60-foot powerboat in knockdown form. Everywhere were huge piles of lumber and framed rib sections, while inside another barge was ready for dismantling. The Chinook was on and everything was due to move north. Supplies for a new camp to house the crews that re-assembled the various craft were everywhere — stoves, beds, heaters, mattresses, bedding, windows, canned goods, and other miscellaneous supplies, together with what seemed an endless array of boxes of bolts, kegs of nails, steel plates, and marine hardware of every description, including six or more rudders, together with rudder-shoes, shafts, stuffing-boxes, oil tanks, etc. Elsewhere in the large building, which was at once a boat-building shop, a garage, machine shop and warehouse combined, a couple of Powell Transport trucks were getting last-minute check-overs, preparatory to loading for the 250-mile trip north.

Supervising the loading, seeing that "first" things went "first," was the president of the company, "Red" Powell. It would be a waste of precious time to land the rudders and engines at Fort Nelson before the ribs of the craft they were to be used on arrived on the scene of re-assembly, and it would be useless for the cook stove of the new camp to be set up unless pots and food went along with it. In another section, Riverman - Manager Bill Strong was with loving eye supervising the dismantling of the last of the barges, destined to land gasoline and soft drinks, lumber and flour, canned goods, phonograph records, popcorn and bacon at re-

continued page 25



mote northern outposts—for such is the variety of supplies which the Eskimos, trappers and traders are awaiting.

In answer to an inquiry as to why the barges and boats had not been built from start to finish on the banks of the river from which they were to start their northward journey and thereby save the time necessary to dismantle and reassemble the craft, "Red's" answer was short but very informative. He looked about the spacious and well-heated building.

"It's warm here. We have electricity for our machine shop and power saws, and an unlimited supply of dry northern spruce lumber over there," and he pointed to the Fort St. John Lumber Company's mill but 200 yards away on the other side of the Alcan Highway.

"At Fort Nelson we would have had to build them on the banks of the river, in weather which dropped to 50 below zero at times, and a wind blowing to top it off." The answer covered everything . . . Building boats in 50-below weather with a wind blowing out in the open is not my favorite winter pastime.

The new route will be pioneered this year. For the first time since Hudson's Bay Company traders went into the "Territories" a couple of hundred years ago, water-borne freight will arrive to posts along the Mackenzie River in late May, and to Aklavik by very early June. To the casual reader there would seem to be little difference in freight hauled by water, dog-team, airplane, or tractor-train (diesel caterpillar tractors with string of freight-laden sleds in tow. Used only in the winter). But there is a vast difference. The early Phenicians were the world's first great traders, and it is notable that they took to the sea, NOT because they liked to brave the storms of the Mediterranean, but because from time immemorial water-borne freight has been the cheapest freight. And so in the north country, freighting via the waterways is still the cheapest way. Except in emergency, the heavy freight—the thousands of barrels of oil required by the mines of the Yellowknife, the lumber, the milling machinery, etc.—is all left till the waterways are open in the spring. Throughout the winter trappers, traders, and mining communities all have learned how to tighten their belts a little and go without everything but the most important of necessities . . . Tractor train freight rates are high, dog-team rates are higher, and air-freight still higher—to be used only for essentials.

When one considers this brief over-all picture, it is readily apparent just how important is this new route which will land supplies in so much earlier, supplies such as 450 barrels of oil on one barge, 50,000 feet of lumber on another, and 50 tons of miscellaneous foodstuffs on a third.

Without the Alaska Highway there would be no new and quicker route. Northerners would still have to wait till July 15th for the first spring supplies—for it is the Alcan Highway which makes the by-passing of Great Slave Lake possible. Today a loaded truck can leave the railhead at Dawson Creek, British Columbia (see map)

continued on page 67

As I See It

by John A. Fraser

This Continent at the present time is plagued with strikes of all kinds, small and large, reasonable and unreasonable, but the ending of the Coal Strike in the U.S.A. indicates how an apparently unrelated Government decree may suddenly bring forth a ray of sunshine in a cloudy sky. When the Postmaster General of the U. S. A. limited the size of Parcels carried by the Post Office it seems to have been borne in on the Commander in Chief of the striking forces that he might be liable to prosecution for interfering with the delivery of the Nation's Mails. Whether or not this had any influence on the ending of the strikes it is satisfactory to think that it may have had a restraining influence.

Would that we in this Province could find so simple a solution for the ending of our industrial dispute.

Notwithstanding that the best authorities seem to be of the opinion that Russia desires war no more than either Britain or the United States it is somewhat alarming to study carefully the warning that Foreign Minister Bevin issued to Russia during the last few days. His declaration that Britain and the Commonwealth did not believe the Soviet system would represent the interests of the workers as well as our own democratic system, should tend to convince Russia of our determination to continue our system of Government and permit Russia to do the same and still live together in peace and harmony.

Within our own Provincial bound-

continued on page 95

The Upper Fraser River

by L. M. LeBourdais

Its Usefulness Has Been Great In The Past; And Will Play Great Part In Future Development.

By Louis LeBourdais.

The Fraser River, in the early days of the fur trade, was the main avenue of travel. Today it is fast becoming a highway of commerce for the timber industry.

First mention of this stream, which divides the province of British Columbia almost in the centre between Prince George—parallel 54—and New Westminster, near the 49th parallel, is in 1793. It was then known as the "Bad" River.

Alexander Mackenzie (later Sir Alexander) on his Canada-by-land journey in 1793, hit the river some little distance above the present site of Prince George, formerly known as Fort George.

Because of the hostility displayed by the Indians, Mackenzie was forced to turn back on the Fraser 35 miles below the present town of Quesnel, which is situated at the confluence of the Quesnel and Fraser rivers. Mackenzie later made the Pacific by ascending the Blackwater (now West Road) River, which empties into the Fraser fifty miles upstream from Quesnel. From the headwaters of the Blackwater, Mackenzie crossed the low divide to follow the Dean River to the Pacific near Bella Coola.

Fifteen years afterward, in 1808, Simon Fraser (later Sir Simon) descended the river, which was later to bear his name, to a point some little distance below New Westminster. Employed by the Northwest Fur Company, he established several trading posts, or forts, on the Fraser and its tributaries.

For half a century following Fraser's exploratory trip down to the Pacific, the Fraser River, and some of its up-stream tributaries, notably the Nechako, the Stuart, the Finlay, and the Parsnip (headwaters of the Peace) served as travel routes over which flowed the business of the fur trade. Horse and mule pack trains were operated in conjunction with the canoes and man-powered scows of the fur brigades; particularly in the lower part of the district, below Fort Alexandria, 35 miles downstream from Quesnel.

Following the gold rush, which first hit New Caledonia, as the upper Fraser country was known at the time — 1859 — the Fraser was used, from Soda Creek to Quesnel (60) miles for the transportation of merchandise bound for the goldfields in the vicinity of Barkerville, on Williams Creek, 60 miles east.

For more than half a century the silt-laden waters of the Fraser carried sternwheelers up and down stream between Quesnel and Soda Creek. In the interval, during the period of the Manson Creek gold rush, and that of the Cassiar, canoes, dugouts, York boats and scows were used by prospectors, miners and traders on the lakes and streams adjacent to these active mining areas. These included the Skeena, the Babine, the Stuart, the Nechako, the Omineca, and the Fraser rivers, and Babine, Takla,

continued on page 96

A POLICEMAN looks at the LIQUOR Question

As great interest has been shown in recent weeks over the Government Liquor Act and its many regulations, the opportunity has arrived at last when I can express by own opinion on the matter. Twelve years in the B.C. Provincial Police trying to enforce an outmoded Act, and four years Overseas with the R.C.A.F. have proved conclusively to me that our statutes satisfy but few, and the common citizen must almost make himself a criminal to procure a drink.

An internationally - minded and much - travelled cousin of mine—a naval type to boot—once told me that Canada was as far behind England as England was behind France in the matter of liquor. No wonder so many of our intelligentsia retired to France during the '20 and '30s. And small wonder is it that almost all returning servicemen speak enthusiastically about the English pub—perhaps the greatest institution in the Old Country.

Much of the dissatisfaction and crime under the Government Liquor Act is due to lack of any provision for consuming a single drink. No way exists but to purchase an entire bottle, take it home or to a hotel in which you have duly registered, then you buy a mixer or a chaser, and after all this you pour yourself one little drink.

If you are under 21, you can't enter a beer parlor, though you could go Overseas while the Big Show lasted. A minor caught frequenting a beer parlor is liable to a $200 fine with costs. Is it any wonder that no minors are ever brought before the magistrate?

Regulations pursuant to the Act lay down the ruling that no one must drink while standing up. It is a crime. No one must sing. That is also considered a heinous crime. Yet in England almost every pub had a piano and most of us have spent some very fine evenings being delightfully entertained around a piano.

I remember a case some 14 years ago in the Kootenay country where a man was found asleep on the front seat of a car. He had been drinking, true, but he wasnt' drunk. The car was pulled up properly at the side of the road. Regulations said that the man in the driver's seat must not be under the influence—and rightly so. But it turned out that the man was a passenger in the front seat; he hadn't been driving, but was waiting for the driver to return from visiting friends. Yet he was technically guilty, and I shudder when I think of his big fine, with costs, to say nothing of all the inconvenience he was put to. The victim

continued on page 95

Oldtimers :

DON LAIDLAW

Don Laidlaw, of Lac La Hache learned to ranch the hard way. For more than thirty years he's been riding the cattle ranges of Cariboo; the last sixteen for Lord Martin Cecil who operates seventy-odd thousand acres of land centering on the 100-Mile House.

"But I'm through with this cow stuff," he told a friend recently. "I find that it bothers me when I ride twenty-five or thirty miles a day now."

But the next moment he was using range language anent a balky carburetor on a light delivery he was piloting and wished he'd stayed with his horse.

"A horse'll never throw up his tail and quit like this,"He argued. "Not leastways if you use him right."

And Laidlaw should know. As active manager for Lord Martin, who, in addition to his ranch duties takes time off to serve as President of the Cariboo Cattlemen's Association, Don has had a lot to do with horses in the thirty-two years he has made his home in the Cariboo. Horses, and good ones, are necessary to handle the thousands of head of beef cattle that have passed though Laidlaw's, hands in his present job and on the ranches of others for whom he has worked since his arrival in the Cariboo.

continued on page 95

Agriculture IN THE BULKLEY VALLEY

By S. G. Preston
District Agriculturist,
Smithers, B.C.

A beauty spot near Smithers.

The Bulkley Valley comprises that area adjacent to the Bulkley River between Bulkley Lake and Hazelton. The greater part of the farming is carried on near Smithers and Telkwa, where the valley widens out. But several excellent farms are operated at Forestdale, North Bulkley, Houston and Evelyn.

The climate may be described as moderate, with less cold weather and higher average temperatures as Hazelton is approached. It is rarely lower than —20 degrees any time during the winter, and then only for periods of short duration. Most people notice the cold less in this area than the damp winter weather of the lower mainland.

The annual precipitation is generally sufficient for most crops, but the successful farmer takes precautions to utilize soil moisture to the best advantage. Some flood irrigation is practised where water is readily available.

Spring work on the land commences about May 1. To secure the best crops, land should be cultivated in the fall so very little preparation of the soil is necessary in the spring. It is essential to have crops seeded as quickly as possible when the land is ready so as to make use of the maximum of spring moisture. When these systems are followed, good crops are assured.

Soils of the Bulkley Valley are of the glacial clay type, with varying degrees of sedimentary soils in the creek and river flats. Most upland contains stones and boulders in varying degrees. A prospective settler is well advised to look into three important items when choosing a farm:

(a) Moderately free from rocks and gravel ridges. It is not advisable to choose a place covered with pine trees.

(b) Freedom from frost. Slopes to the south or southwest are relatively free from frost. East and north slopes as well as low flats (except river flats) should be kept in hay.

(c) Water supply. Many farms on the higher land have insufficient water for farm needs. Make sure of an ample water supply.

At the present time the most important sources of farm income in the Bulkley Valley are derived from timothy and clover seed production, dairying, beef cattle, vegetables for the Prince Rupert market, poultry and poultry products, vegetable seed and sheep. Of these, timothy and clover seed is of the greatest importance to date, but it appears that the district will eventually develop into mixed farming, with dairying, poultry, vegetables and certified potato production becoming increasingly important.

At this point we should point out that grass and clover seed, vegetable seeds and potatoes for seed which are grown in the Northern

An upland meadow in August. Elevation 4400 feet.

continued on page 92

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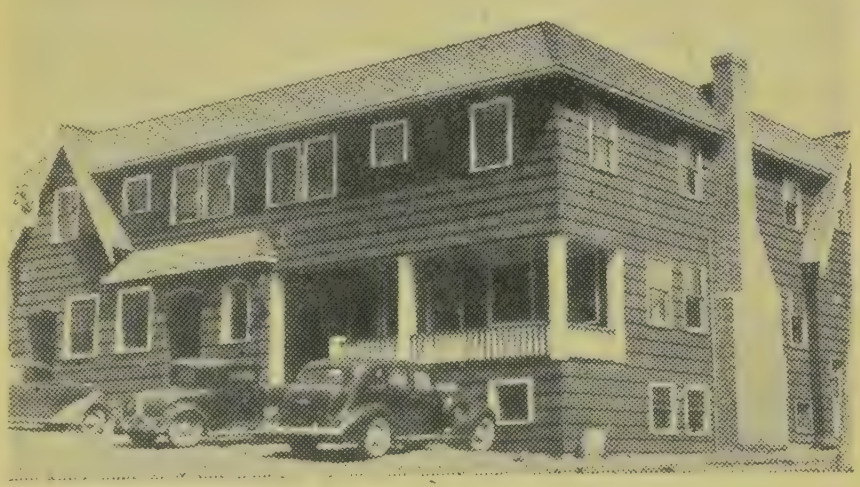

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How Can We Reap Unless We Sow?

A. M. Benzanson

Listening to "Town Meeting," and other radio programs, sponsoring suggestions for full employment, increased production, lower taxes, intelligent development or utilization of our resources, I have been surprised and disappointed by a seeming failure to grasp or to understand the value and magnitude of our most obvious opportunity. It seems to have failed to register also in the minds of our publicists, for they touch upon it lightly at wide intervals.

Politics and economics probably have never been in such ferment as they are now. Two systems are fighting for supremacy; one insists that economics are paramount, hence must be state owned and managed. The other seeks to restore Free Enterprise to its historical role, with the state serving merely as administrator and referee.

Probably a compromise between the two will evolve eventually. In any case, it seems to me that such a compromise, based upon greater co-operation, is not only necessary but desirable for us if we are to maintain the enviable position among nations we won during the war. Certainly the state is bound to retain control to a large degree of our marketing and employment of our manpower for some time. But the state, which never hesitates to go all out to win a war, unfortunately seeks to retrench as soon as peace comes. Right now we are subsidizing idleness through veterans' allowances, unemployment doles, and a general let-down in enthusiasm for vigorous effort. Veterans' allowances and unemployment doles are necessary and desirable—if we can do no better. But it is always easier to coast than to pedal. Besides, everything continued long enough becomes habitual. All forms of dole and subsidized idleness previsage a static economy and help to bring it about. Canada need not follow the practices of old industrial countries. Her soul is much closer to the wilderness than to the forge.

We have half a continent, partially developed along its southern edge, at our disposal. Free Enterprise — Capitalism — gained its supremacy during the expanding era of the Industrial Revolution. Land settlement and development in America was one of its shining manifestations. Mineral discoveries often led it, and factories followed and ushered in industrialism. We happen to be one of the few countries which still has the natural resources awaiting development to keep us expanding much longer than my generation can hope to live.

Let us consider a plan that, while touching upon only one phase of development, should spark-plug many others. It would provide thousands — probably millions — of new settlers, who would themselves provide a fast-growing market in the areas served. It would provide access to stores of mineral wealth known to be vast. It would open the entire Northwest to such development as it has not seen before. All of which would provide opportunities for new businesses for veterans and others, and render doles, under whatever name, obsolete.

It would lure thousands of Americans of pioneer blood with money and know-how to seek here the sort of opportunities their fathers and grandfathers found in their own West.

Above all, it would provide a means of making Free Enterprise practical for the average man. In doing that, it would re-capture for us visions of a dynamic future and put the laugh on those powerful, intrenched forces which always, if allowed to rule us, hold us in bondage to the status quo with the thread-bare cry, "Where would we get the money?"

I claim, and hope to substantiate the claim, that we are overlooking, and have consistently overlooked, the simplest and most beneficial road to greater prosperity in this province, and to a degree in all Canada. A road that would enhance our natural heritage of woods, water, fish, game, and scenic beauties, instead of depleting or destroying them. Perhaps our minds have become so habituated to studying the tree, estimating how much lumber it would make, and how much money, that we have failed to see the forest.

Generally speaking, the interior of this great province, except for the Dry Belt, which covers about 5% of it, is timbered. Most of that timber is small and would increase in yield from year to year if allowed to stand, protected from pests and fire. Certainly it has value as potential lumber and fuel. But I wonder if it hasn't greater value as trees. Then our lakes, with which we are so richly endowed, and many of which are inaccessible except by air, foot-slogging, pack horse or jeep. Our countless trout streams, splendid in their isolation. Our great rivers and majestic mountains, equally isolated, can pay handsome dividends.

South of us lives a hundred and forty million restless, prosperous people. They are fond of travel. They own more automobiles than the combined peoples of the earth. All, or nearly all, of them, want to see America, or it's more beautiful parts at least. Do we forget that we, too, are Americans, living in America?

Have we not realized that they have, because of our war record, grown curious about us and want to know us better. Are we in British Columbia to confine their visiting area to the "Triangle Trip" and the resorts exploited by our railways?

continued on page 43

This poem is dedicated to anyone who has, all un-knowingly, given his or her heart to a Dog, and in so doing has found that rarest of all qualities, unswerving loyalty. It is dedicated to the countless thousands who wake in the still hours of the night and listen to ghostly barkings, and the dull faint thud of a wagging tail, long stilled by the hand of Death.

Gunner died and went to Heaven,
He ran through a leafy lane.
Paused, then barked with doggish laughter,
For his back was freed from pain.

Gunner's sight, it too is perfect.
Now the scene through Heaven's Fall rain
Of the swift-winged mallard's flying
Seem like magic to his brain.

Gunner swims in Heaven's cool waters,
Basks and dreams in God's hot sun.
Gunner prowls the lush green meadows,
Gunner's joys are never done.

And he sits and studies squirrels
As in leafy boughs they hide;
Thoughtfully he watches o'er them.
Noble head a bit on side.
"Mugs" and "Bugs" and other doggies
Whom he used to know on earth,
Are his playmates now in Heaven,
And of bones there are no dearth.

And the wild fierce joy of battle
Is not denied to angel purp,
And the din it is terriffic!
But no doggie e'er gets hurt.

Happy dreams are Gunner's portion
At the close of Heaven's day;
Joyous dreams of Heaven's rabbits
And tomorrow's day of play.

But he'll ne'er forget his ain folk,
And he'll visit Heaven's gold gate,
With an ache to wait our homing,
Be it soon or be it late.

And his fun won't be quite perfect,
Nor his life quite filled with joy
'Till he hears his master's whistle,
"Come a-runnin', Gunny boy!"

E. D. W.

From impressions gained from a picture and what has been told by one who longs to return home.
Gladys Pacey, Surrey, England, May, 1945.

QUESNEL, B.C., CANADA

Set in the angle where two waters meet,
Enclosed in its frame of forestland green,
In the distance the mountains, where snow the clouds greet,
Viewed from the angle where two waters meet.

I am told that the robins there sing the day long,
Their song like the blackbirds of the Old Motherland.
In the heart of the exile dear memories throng,
To fairest Quesnel it will ever belong.

A community small but compact and complete,
With hotels for the traveller, a school for the young,
Stout shingle-roofed shacks, shops in busy main street,
All in the angle where two waters meet.

Just a wee little township, remote, set apart,
But the pulse that is beating there, steady and true,
A dear busy hive, with its brave sturdy heart,
For Canada, striving to play a real part.
Then, weary of hunting, return to man's lair,
When day shadows fade into night;
See the lights twinkle, feel the welcome that's there,
For all that it has e'en the stranger may share.

Beloved Quesnel, where two waters meet,
Rich in things living by God's gracious hand;
In all the wide world is no sight half so sweet
As the home in the angle where two waters meet.

But leave Man's designing for Nature's retreat,
Where roam the wild things, deer and moose;
'Neath evergreen trees, rest on soft mossy seat
And gaze on the beauty where two waters meet.

Oldtimer

What do you see in the sky tonight, oldtimer?
Bevies of birds and clouds in their flight, oldtimer?
And what does it all signify unto you,
Knowing the lay of the land as you do?
The work of the people depends upon you,
For your word is right, oldtimer.

What do you think of this country you planned, oldtimer?
Do you calculate it is suitably manned, oldtimer?
Have we followed closely enough in your ruts;
Should we throw overboard our ifs and our buts
And replace them now with a little more guts
That you understand, oldtimer?

What do you think of the world and its strife, oldtimer?
Is it merely a natural phase of this life, oldtimer?
You've seen the like of it often before;
You say there's no one made rich by the score—
Much less the fellows who tackle the chore
That aims for the right, oldtimer?

All that we have as our threshold today, oldtimer,
Was hewn by you when the dawning was grey, oldtimer?
The foundation you planted was done on the square,
As a builder of nations you've given your share;
And all that we can do can never compare,
Or ever repay you, oldtimer.

Jean E. Barlow.

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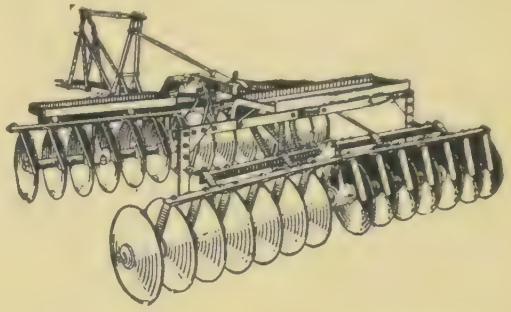

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QUESNEL, B.C.

Homesteading In Central B.C.

by Peg Deeder

I was twenty-six years old before I ever knew exactly how a cow looked, and certainly I had not the slightest knowledge of the process of obtaining milk at its source. The only trails I had ever followed were city pavements, and the only animals with whom I had even a nodding acquaintance lived in the zoo. Nevertheless, both my husband and I had pioneer blood in our veins. He was one up on me, because he had spent a year on a cattle ranch in his early youth. At any rate, we were both determined to go homesteading in north central B.C.

We did. We have spent fourteen years in the Francois Lake district, and it would take nothing less than an atom bomb to blast us out of here now. We love it. Perhaps an intimate knowledge of mine motors, in the case of my husband, was not particularly suitable background material for the moulding of a farmer. Perhaps my own bookish youth had not properly tempered me for the rugged life on a homestead. However, we have weathered it, and have gained a great measure of satisfaction in overcoming the odds against us.

As I look back over the years, I find that many of the experiences connected with hardships are among my most treasured memories. They were gruelling at the time, to be sure, but the contest of our wits against the forces of nature is, in a sense, the thing that makes of homesteading the truly great adventure.

What a satisfaction it was, when the pocket-book was as flat as a widower's flap-jack, to gaze at cellar shelves filled with fruit and vegetables which I had canned for winter. I scoured the hills for those berries, and I worked like a Trojan battling weeds in the garden for those vegetables. But there they were, in rows of shining sealers, and I felt justly proud of myself when I said: "Oh, well! We may be broke, but we can darn well eat!"

I sewed another patch in the seat of the old man's pants. If worse came to worse, there were always moose hides to tan and fashion into clothes. We never had to resort to that, but it was a comforting thought.

God has scattered his bounty over this land with a lavish hand. There are moose, deer, bear, game birds and fish for the taking. There are wild raspberries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, saskatoons, and huckleberries growing in the hills or along the lake shores. If a woman is worth her salt, she can go out and find them; and meanwhile she will be planting her own, for small fruits do well in the district. In the cities, there is an acute shortage of building material and fuel. Up here, the supply is unlimited. Spruce and jackpine make excellent building logs, and even the poplar groves yield first-class firewood, when split and dried.

Cash in the pocket was hard to come by, in our early days here. The price of farm products on the market was below the cost of production. Within a short time we were forced to sell our car and were reduced to travelling in a "Bennett buggy" behind a team of cayuses. Where we once felt that we had to trade our car in every second year for a new one, up here we were quite content to travel in the primitive mode. You see, we were no longer trying to "keep up with the Jones," so it didn't matter. Everyone was in the same boat—or should I say "buggy"?

I remember, too, the days when I had a shower every morning. Up here we are still lucky to get a bath in a tin tub twice a week, and a spit-bath on the fly. Our sanitary arrangements are primitive, to say the least. Every rural home has its little house (called by many descriptive names) which is located at a discreet distance from the house. Here last summer's Eaton's catalogue hangs drearily from a nail; and here many an acute problem has been solved. When snow drifts high, and the wind cuts like a knife, a former city dweller feels a slight sense of frustration when she recalls the gleaming porcelain of long ago. My 'special dream has been to install an electric light plant and water fixtures in our home. The money, however, has always been needed for a new Hereford bull, another hay barn, or farm machinery. But I can dream, can't I?

The view from any window in the house is compensation for all, if I happen to be in the mood to appreciate it. The tender new green of growing things against the darker green of the hills; the glory of a sunset behind the pine woods; moonlight on the hay stooks; the early morning sun of winter, turning the hoar-frosted trees to jewelled splendour; the magic beauty of feathery clouds floating over a blue lake—one doesn't see these things in the city.

There are so many heart-warming little things, too: a mother hen scratching industriously for her young; a long-legged foal nuzzling at the side of his mother; a bunch of calves lying in the shade of a huge willow bush; the old dog thumping his tail as I approach; a doe and two fawns coming up the lane to take a lick from the salt block. To me, these things are beauty, and a part of this land I have learned to love. Bodies may not grow fat on beauty, but the soul grows fat without it.

continued on page 44

THE WESTERN ALASKA HIGHWAY

continued from page 15

way grade from New Hazelton to Whitehorse and a railway as well as a highway could have been built between these two points for what was spent in building the Alaska Highway. The Hazelton-Whitehorse highway could have been constructed in short order by the splendid engineers and men who built the Alaska Highway and at a fraction of the cost of that highway as far as Whitehorse. Air fields could have been laid out as work progressed for land-based planes, with which no carrier based planes can compete, to protect our coasts and ships bearing supplies from Prince Rupert to Skagway, Anchorage, etc.

Chicago, New York and eastern interests dictated. Let the Alaska Highway be built from here to here to here, and so built it was. They were not interested in logic or the opinion of able men who had made a study of the problem. One almost wonders if this omnipotent power told the Japs to stay awhile in Kiska instead of attacking our undefended coast cities.

The Alaska Highway is built and Canada has taken it over. British Columbia has gained a magnificent bridge across the Peace River. The road between Dawson Creek and Fort Nelson in the northeast corner of the province must be kept up, for we now have two vital roads from Fort Nelson which reach the Liard and Mackenzie waterways which lead to Norman Wells, in the North-West Territories, the Aklavik delta and the Arctic Ocean. There are air fields at Fort Nelson and at the oil wells at Norman Wells. As a secondary defense measure the road from Fort Nelson to Whitehorse should also be kept in condition. The United States should bear part of these costs. British Columbia has little part in this at present, but the picture will after when our Pine Pass road ties into Dawson Creek. One can vision fleets of 50-ton trucks with trailers bringing wheat, coal and cattle from the Peace River Block over this road to Prince George and the Canadian National Railway.

This development takes care of northeastern British Columbia and is in line with the full development, now due, of Central British Columbia. As Winnipeg is western Canada to Toronto, so Prince George and Prince Rupert are in northern British Columbia to even Vancouver people. Size up a map of British Columbia, first north and south, then east and west, and place your finger on the centre. It will be on Babine Lake, 15 miles north of Burns Lake. Both Prince George in eastern British Columbia and Prince Rupert on the coast are south of Burns Lake.

The Yukon and Alaska are in the far west of this continent. Their interests are western, but they have no road connection with British Columbia and the western states, and it is imperative that there should be. Thre connections with our central system of roads have been suggested. These are: (1) The Hazelton - Whitehorse project. (2) Prince George-Fort St. James-Takla Bear Lakes project. (3) The "B" or Rocky Mountain Trench route.

(3) The "B" route, roughly paralleling the Alaska Highway at from 75 to 100 miles distance, would start at Prince George. It follows the Rocky Moutnain Trench for several hundred miles, reaching the Alaska Highway at Watson Lake. The Trench is a landmark that would be visible from Mars with our present telescopic power. It is well named, for it is a great ravine with glacier-clad peaks towering from 4,000 to 10,000 feet on either side. The Rockies to the east and the Stikine ranges, 100 miles deep, to the west. Considered as a highway, it is difficult to understand why its advocates have pressed so hard for the project. It does not warrant its estimated cost of $18,000,000 in what it would open for development. The Trench itself and the Rockies to the east are not in mineral formations. The glacier-fed rivers from the west show fair pannings at times and the Consolidated Mining Company have surface showing on the Ingenika, a tributary of the Finlay River. It is unlikely that this company would want to start operations on this mine until the

continued on page 63

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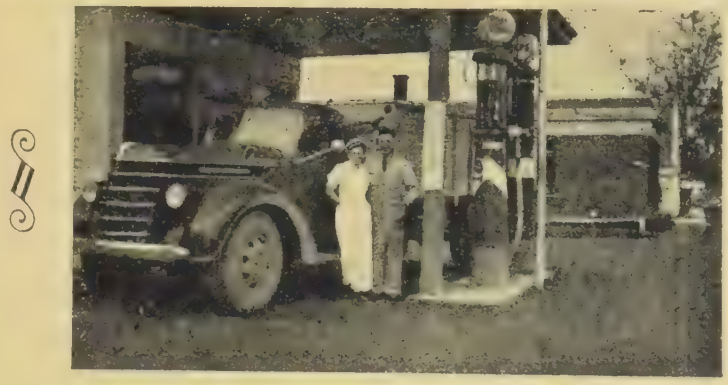

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Tips on Fly Fishing from an 'Oldtimer'.

by F.W.L.

The oldtimer looked through my fly-book and smiled up at me. "Plumb purty, ain't they?" he chuckled. "I allus claimed that these purty flies caught one fish once, and that's the sucker that bought 'em."

I looked at my flies with a new interest. They had cost me a-plenty. I had dozens of them—all shapes and sizes, and colors. There was every color, from the brilliant yellow of a "Mexican Killer" to the languorous purple of a "Northern Dream."

"What flies do you use?" I asked the oldtimer.

He took off his battered hat and showed me two flies stuck in the hatband.

"Them two'll catch me all the fish I want. This here's a 'Royal Coachman,' on a number 10 hook. T'other's a 'Zulu.' When she's kinda overcast I use the Coachman, when the day is bright and shinin' I use the 'Zulu.' I can pack 'em around in my hat all the flies I need."

"There must be other flies that can kill fish," I urged the oldtimer. "Some of my flies must be good."

He nodded his head. "Sure," he admitted, "there are lots of flies that can catch fish, but up here in Cariboo the fish are a trifle intellgent. They never did see a real fly with a three-inch wing spread, 'specially red wings that had a yellow body. Mebbe there are such flies in the hot countries like South America or Africy, or some place like that, but not here in Cariboo. Heck an' dangnation a fly had oughtto look like a fly. That's what I think, and that's what the fish think, too."

Now this oldtimer was a renowned fisherman. I realized that he was pulling my leg, I further realized that he had a lot on the ball when it came to fishing lore, and so, instead of turning in for the night, I started to fish for information.

"What flies would you advise a tourist to bring with him if he was intending to catch fish up here?" I asked.

"Depends on the tourist," he grunted. "If he aims to catch fish, he should bring a few 'Royal Coachmen,' some 'Montreals,' Black Gnats, Zulus, and mebbe some Bumble-Bees. If he has ever done any fishing at all, he'll know enough to use bright flies on a dark day and the dark flies on a bright day."

"Let us assume he knows the rudiments of the game," I suggested. "Let us presume he is a fisherman from the Southern States and used to catching bass or whatever they catch down there. Now he wants to try his hand at fly fishing, or maybe trolling, in the North. Suppose he asked you what tackle to bring, what would you tell him?"

"Well," the oldtimer scratched his head, "I already told you about the most important flies. If this here tourist was going to fish in fast water, he'd want to have a couple of Silver Doctors handy, I guess. If he was coming up here early, say in May or the first part of June, he'd want an Evening Fly or else a Queen of the Waters, or, if he is loaded with money, he'd better bring a dozen of both."

"Would he need any special sized hook?" I queried.

"Ah!" the oldtimer snorted and

continued page 60

Watch that fire!

At least 80% of all forest fires can be prevented. It should be everyone's personal responsibility to see that they are prevented. Without forests there would be no game, no fish, no running streams, nor crystal clear lakes. Without forests man would long since have been killed off by drought and flood and erosion. It is true that lightning causes a few conflagrations, but remember the 80%.

The cardinal rules of fire prevention are simple and easy to learn. They are:

Pick your camp-fire site carefully. Do not light a fire close to a tree trunk. Clear the ground around your fire for at least eight feet.

Build an Indian fire, a small one. For some reason, the average camper or tourist imagines that he must have a huge pyre of logs to boil a pot of coffee on. This is stupid, but nonetheless huge fires are built each year by aspiring camp cooks who have the natural talents of a pyromaniac.

Don't throw lighted cigarettes on the ground. Put them out. If you are in such a hurry that you can't take time to put your cigarette out, you are a dangerous criminal and should be incarcerated.

Break your match in two before throwing it away. Given the proper conditions of humidity and temperature, a match will burn its full length and is sufficient in itself to cause a bush fire.

Use your ash tray. Who are you to throw lighted cigars out of your car window? A puff of wind, a dry piece of bush, and presto! deer, birds, timber, and streams are gone before the fiery puff of a full-fledged bush fire!

Lastly . . . PUT THAT CAMP FIRE OUT! Throwing coffee grains on it is not enough. If you are so weak or lazy that you can't pack enough water to put the fire out, you should be in a hospital.

Around The Campfire

Of gold-dredges and Sockeye Salmon

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

An editorial in the Vancouver "Sun" of March 6, regarding the virtues of sockeye incubators as opposed to gold dredges, raised a storm of protest throughout the Cariboo.

Technically, we know nothing of gold dredges nor sockeye salmon. We do know, however, that we have not read anything in the Sun which opposed the huge fish traps off the Alaskan coast. Years ago the Japanese operated huge floating canneries which came close to the Queen Charlottes, and how many hundreds of tons of salmon they caught, canned, and then sold to the people of Canada, nobody has ever learned. There used to be a huge fish trap near Sooke, on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. and how many millions of tons of salmon met their doom at this point has never, to our knowledge, been recorded.

For all we know, a dredge may cause the sockeye salmon to go elsewhere to spawn. However, we have been taught that salmon always return to the stream in which they were spawned to die. We have also been told that before these salmon die they spawn or lay eggs. According to the Sun, the number of fish spawning in the Quesnel River have been negligible in recent years. Logic seems to point to the fact that, if no fish are spawning in the Quesnel River, there will be no fish returning to die; if they dont' return to die, they won't spawn, and so on ad infinitum. It sounds as silly to us as it does to you, but think it over, anyhow. This is known as Law of Diminishing Returns.

Fly-Bites . . .

We had been fishing in the evening, the oldtimer and I, when with a humming buzz like an express train on the loose came the mosquitoes. I had a bottle of sweet-scented stuff that was, so the label said, "Guaranteed To Kill All The Mosquitoes, Fleas, Flies, Gnats, and other winged varmints that ever attempted to make the life of man unbearable." I dabbed a mess of this stuff on my face and hands and it seemed for all the world as though I had simply baited myself for mosquitoes. Where there had been a hundred before, there were now a thousand, and added to the mosquitoes were black flies and two yellowjackets.

"Yuh stink lovely," remarked the oldtimer placidly. "Yuh smell like a perfume counter in the drug-store."

By this time my face resembled a relief map, my arms were swollen and red, my fingers were itching and I was ready to quit.

"I can't stand any more of this," I said.

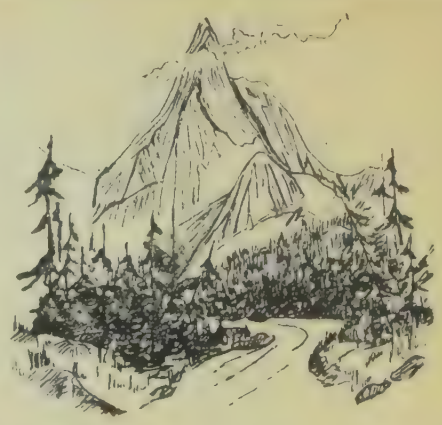
"Don't blame you," retorted the oldtimer, "that smell is almost more than I can stand. Wash it off and I'll give you some real skeeter dope. 'Man's Salvation,' I call it."

I washed the dope off my face and arms and the oldtimer passed me a small bottle of stuff which smelled but gave no offence. This did the trick. As though given a preconcerted signal, the winged horde wheeled off and buzzed unhappily across the lake.

"What is this 'Man's Salvation' made of?" I asked.

"Pennyroyal 'n castor oil 'n pine tar," chanted the oldtimer. "One part of the first, two parts of the second and three parts of the last. I always use it, and the skeeters hate me worse than poison. Good stuff ain't it?"

"It sure is," I agreed. And for



the rest of the evening we cast in a silence which was only broken by the mournful hum of the occasional mosquito which came our way, sniffed once and departed.

Frontier Justice 1909 Style

By Lynn Hoy.

It was springtime in Quesnel. Johnny G. sat in obese content on his rickety front step, fat hands folded on fatter paunch, and contemplated the symmetrical rows of fresh green shoots pushing up through the moist red earth of his garden, while dream feasts of nippy young radishes nestled amid cool green lettuce leaves and visions of plates heaped with fresh green peas cooked with new potatoes brought drool to his thick lips. Johnny G. had wintered on beans and bacon.

Across the way, Johnny the Blacksmith laid down his hammer as the scent of fresh growing things crept shyly in through the coal dust and smoke from his creakly old forge. He gazed with possessive pride at the vigorous young Plymouth Rocks scratching busily in the dust of the dooryard and venturing cockily out into the road to investigate some promising equestrain calling card. Johnny the Blacksmith had also wintered on bacon and beans.

Suddenly a raucous shout shattered the happy calm of the spring air. "Garrn, yu' good fer nothin'

continued page 61

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How Can We Reap Unless We Sow . . .

continued from page 31

Must our trees, rivers, lakes and mountains remain hidden to all but explorers, trappers, and prospectors because we lack the vision and the foresight to provide access to them? I'm aware that this will be denied. That the excuse will be "We lack the money." But that wasn't the case during the war.

I wonder if you know, fellow citizen, that even with our very rudimentary highway system the income derived by Canada from tourist travel during several seasons, before the war, exceeded our total income from wheat. That even now our Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce is reported to anticipate from thirty to fifty million dollars revenue from tourists this year. Most of that will go to railway and steamship companies. Good, but not good enough.

Has any part of North America more to offer in natural attractions? Tourists require roads to travel on; hotels, camps and lodges to stay in. Have we got them in sufficient quantity and quality? You know the answer. Do you realize that British Columbia is almost equal in area to California, Oregon, Washington, and Idaho? Perhaps you have visited these states. Perhaps you have travelled over most of their highways, as I have, and been astonished by their general excellence and fine accommodation provided, even in places way off the main thoroughfares. They found it paid. They have also learned that a certain percentage of tourists take a fancy to some spot and come back to stay.

Authorities estimate that only ten to fifteen percent of British Columbia's 360,000 square miles are arable—that means fit for cultivation. We are finding through sad experience of hundreds of settlers who were unable to make a living off bush land, and, lately by scientific soil surveys, that much of that ten to fifteen percent is sadly deficient in plant food, due to destruction of the humus by forest fires. Just how much of our vast area can be made productive agriculturally we shall be a long time in learning. But, outside the dry belt, it will still grow trees. And deer, caribou, moose, grouse, partridges, and pheasants will continue to multiply and thrive under our well-designed game laws. Timber conservation, too, will conserve and moderate water run-off, thus favoring a continuing of game fish in our streams and lakes.

I have discussed this province with a number of prairie farmers, also with American visitors, and many city folks who have vacationed in different areas. Their reactions surprised me by their unanimity. They could be summed up in a phrase, "Not much good for farming, but a paradise for vacationing."

If that is the general opinion—and personally I believe it is—does not common sense point the way to the course we should follow to realize, and make profitable, the exploitation of our great natural resources while at the same time conserving them?

If we "cannot eat our cake and have it too," I believe we can feast off the frosting and keep the cake growing.

How? Is not the answer obvious?

Complete the P.G.E. to Peace River and to Alaska, thus giving us a trunk railway through the heart of our province, which lies north and south, not east and west. Build a **real** highway paralleling it. Build feeder highways out from it to all areas whose scenic and other attractions and arable land justify them. Encourage the building of tourist camps, lodges, dude ranches, modern hotels to serve the crowds eager to come. Provide electric power, available nearly everywhere in our Northwest.

Tourist associations estimate that the average American tourist spends $10 per day. That money percolates through the entire economic systems.

California, Washington and Oregon are said to expect five million tourists a year now that peace has come. British Columbia, being new to many of them, having a larger area than all of them combined, scenery, cliamte, fish and game unsurpassed by none of them, could get much or most of that annual crop if we only were prepared to serve them.

Say we got two million of them on average over the years. And suppose they averaged ten days each. That would mean two hundred million dollars revenue annually **coming to us.**

No freight or customs duties to be paid on that crop. And no conflict with European or Asiatic production. And no need for lovers of woods and waters to struggle clearing off stumps and trying to make isolated homesteads support and educate families.

Farming could be done only on land suited to farming. Enough land is available in river valleys, on lake shores and favored spots to produce locally enough vegetables and small fruits to supply camps and lodges. Enough opportunities and steady jobs would be provided to take care of the employment situation for thousands of nature lovers. And local markets would absorb production from established farms besides offering a profitable outlet to others.

I imagine I can hear that characteristic calamity chorus clamoring—as in pre-war days—"We can't do that. Where would the money come from?" The answer is unavoidable, if not original: Where did money come from for the war?

Canada is giving Britain a billion dollars to help their recovery—and our market for exportable goods. We devoted several billions to destruction, in a war forced upon us. That money can never be recovered. Before the war we devoted other billions to destructive doles—also not recoverable. Even their memory stinks. Could we not look and plan ahead, **of our own volition,** and devote at least one billion dollars to building highways all over Canada? Suppose British Col-

continued on page 44

Homesteading In Central B.C.

continued from page 35

I must be very careful not to give the impression that life is easy in a pioneer country. There have been long, gruelling days of work, when I fell into bed without giving a thought to scenery . . . days when I worked beside my husband in the back-breaking toil of clearing land . . . days when we hauled in a moose and skinned it—and let me tell you, brother, that's hard work! . . . days when I rode horseback into the hills and brought home three gallons of wild strawberries (my husband picked a pint, and thought he had a broken back!). There have been days when I was so exhausted I didn't care whether the sun ever rose again; but, lo and behold, the next morning both the sun and I had risen, and it was a new day, full of work and adventure.

This land has been slow to develop. We are far from market, and we producers are stuck with high freight rates on commodities both coming and going. No rancher, logger, or business man has grown rich in this part of the province. New settlers haven't a chance in a million of making a fortune here. But people are coming. I see new faces everywhere I go. I have faith that these newcomers are the sort of people we want: folks who are making new homes, permanent homes. We need these people because our population is far too sparse. We want people who have accurately i n f o r m e d themselves about the country, so that they will not be disappointed in their expectations. If settlers are looking for homes where they can be assured of a comfortable living, in an equable climate, among friendly neighbors, I truly believe that there is no section in Canada which can offer more than north central British Columbia. However, to those who are bent on get-rich-quick schemes I would say, "This country is not for you."

The old era is over, and a new one is beginning. Where we old-timers cleared our land with axe and grub-hoe, new, heavy land-clearing equipment is coming in. Our old educational set-up has been overhauled, and should show vast improvement within the next few years. We have become "tourist-conscious." Logging operations are increasing all over the area, and, at present, provide an excellent market for farm and ranch produce. How long these conditions will last is problematical. We can't look

continued on page 59

How Can We Reap ?

umbia drew only one hundred million of that, Yukon and Northwest Territories an equal amount. Think what that sum spent providing highway access to the North would do for all Canada.

Money for completion of the P.G.E. to and beyond Peace River is available and has been available in the States for several years. So it need not be considered in apportioning funds.

If the Federal Government will not do it; we can if we want to. Economists keep pointing out that it is not the size of government debts that is important, but the income of the people. The volume of trade. If anyone, in Victoria or elsewhere, can put forward a plan promising a greater continuing income, distributed among the people, than would surely come to this province by the means outlined, let's adopt it. Otherwise, let's demand action on this one. If we cant' do that we do not deserve democracy.

Man modern economists have stated that the phenomenal development of the United States during the last half century was due more to the automobile, which forced the building of highways upon an unprecedented scale, than to any other cause. Even with their example before us, we, in Canada, have not even entered the automobile age yet—if our highways, or lack of them, and our attitude towards building them can be taken as a criterion.

Have we a really modern highway west of Lake Superior?

A United States Senator said recently, "Canada is unable or unwilling to take over the Alaska Highway." He must have visited British Columbia by automobile some time. An announcement from Ottawa in response indicated that he was only half right. We will take it over, says Ottawa **and have the military maintain it.** Note the provisa. They just can't seem to see how it might be made a dynamic thing devoted to life and living. No, it must be reserved for the far distant future. in case of emergency.

My dear sirs, the emergency is with us. Read it in the unemployment statistics.

Yes, if we don't watch out, the military will take over and maintain the Alaska Highway at a cost of several millions annually of dead money. Money which will return no dividends and develop no part of our heritage. Meanwhile keeping thousands of veterans on the dole and other thousands of frustrated workers with them. All, all, waste and death to Free Enterprise.

Connected with a **real** highway through the heart of this province, the Alaska Highway can become one of the main arteries for a new and vital blood stream that can reinvigorate all Canada. It would revive and energize nearly forgotten qualities of supreme value to the world and to us. And it might turn our noses forward again for the good of our souls as well as our pocket-books. Besides, it would then pay cash dividends instead of bearing down upon the already overburdened taxpayer.

Wars are bad enough in all conscience. But the last one showed us our own strength—when it is directed towards a goal. We can be justly proud of the record. We had a job to do and found the manpower and money to do it. We still have them for any job in the national interest. But only government can provide it for the proposed purpose. Is it not in the national interest to do so?

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Pine Pass Lake

cont. from page 7

accomplished. It should be pointed out that the Pine River does not head at the lake. About half a mile from the lake the Pine turns north and runs for some miles. To the best of our knowledge, nobody has ever caught any rainbows in the Pine River. The main purpose of our trip was to endeavor to transfer rainbows from the lake to the Pine, and thereby get them started for some future sport.

Incidently, we were successful in transferring about forty fingerlings to the Pine, and though we would have been much more satisfied could we have increased it to ten times that amount, we feel that even in this small start we have done some good. Ground work must be done some time, and probably some time in the near future, and if the B.C. Department of Fisheries see that the local sportsmen are interested enough, maybe they will give the benefit of the hatcheries to places that warrant it. It is too early yet to speak of stocking any of the waters on this side of the mountains which will be served by the new highway, but as time goes on it definitely will become necessary.

Monday morning showed up very misty and we could hardly see across the lake, but it cleared later and we rafted across to the other side and climbed the rock wall which runs the entire length of the lake on the west side. This wall will average about fifty feet in height and can only be scaled by taking advantage of the various gullies which run from the bench above down to the water's edge. After reaching the bench proper, we found ourselves on the road survey. If the road is built on this original road survey, it will command very fine views of the lake. After looking over the scenery, we scrambled down to the raft and paddled across to the islands in the centre of the lake. While on the raft we saw a gull catch a fish and almost immediately an eagle showed up to do battle for the fish. The cries of the gull were answered by a second one, which circled around the eagle and was able to distract it until the first gull was able to get clear away. The last we saw of the fish, the gull still had it and was heading into the distance. We had been so interested in this performance that we had not noticed a storm creeping up and in a very short time we were caught in a regular deluge. A beaver came swimming out from the bank to one of the islands and did not seem at all disturbed that outsiders should be on his grounds, but two loons kept their distance and made the mountainsides echo with their wild calls.

The next day we rafted the whole distance to the north end of the lake and back, taking two hours each way. It rained most of the day and what fishing we did produced exactly nothing, so we had supper on pork and beans and ham. Wednesday, August first, we went to the south end of the lake, and in Tillicum Creek, which is the lake outlet, we saw about thirty rainbows. We caught eighteen, nine of which we turned loose at once into the lake; the other nine we took to camp and did **not** have pork and beans for supper. A noticeable difference showed in comparison between the fish in the lake and those in the creek. Rainbow markings on both were very pretty. After seeing a rainbow trout, it is quite plain to see how they got their name. We noticed that the fish caught in the creek showed much more vivid and deeper coloring than those in the lake. The cheekblades (if this is the correct term) of the fish in the lake were pink, but those in the creek definitely blood red. Probably this is due to environment.

As we left the creek to return to camp, we noticed the storm clouds gathering around the peaks of the Murray Range and in a short time after we reached camp the rain came down in torrents. About dark we heard the howl of a timber wolf. By imitating his call we were able to bring him to within a hundred yards or so of our camp sometime during the night, as evidenced by his tracks in the trail the next morning, but we were not able to actually see him.

The next day, Thursday, started bright and clear,

continued on page 48

The author looking rather thoughtful.

Homeward bound. Packhorses crossing Mountain Creek.

PINE PASS LAKE - concluded

but thunder, hail and rain was the order of the day after ten a.m. This was the day we had picked to try to catch a number of fingerling rainbows to transfer to the Pine. We made a net out of a bent willow to form a hoop and used mosquito netting for the main part. The result looked something like a butterfly net. We found the place in the lake where the small fish stayed was close to an old unused beaver house. By a process of dipping the net below the surface and watching closely until there were enough fish between the net and the water's surface, then scooping out the net as fast as possible, anything from five or six to a dozen could be caught at each try. By exercising patience, we were able to catch about one hundred and fifty, but during our experiments with different temperatures of water we lost most of them. The water in the lake being of a higher temperature than the creeks flowing into the lake, we thought that putting the fish into the colder water would kill them. However, we found the reverse to be the actual case. As a matter of fact, the fish we transferred were carried down the trail in a sealer of cold water and the water was only changed once on the way. We lost none of the fish we started from the lake with and they were all put in the Pine River and left to go their various ways.

Two days' travel after leaving the lake, we were at Mountain Creek again, where we had camped on our way upriver. There we saw where timber wolves had been all around our camp, cleaning up scraps. Again, we were not able to catch sight of any of them.

Two days' more travel saw us back at our starting point. No incidents of particular interest took place during this time, other than the fact that we caught eight Arctic grayling and salted them, with the intention of taking them out as proof that we could and did catch fish.

Presumably, two years from now will see completion of the road between Dawson Creek and Prince George. Then will the fisherman be able to derive the pleasures of fishing in these same waters, both streams and lake, which have seen so little fishing activity to this time.

'TULIBEE' cont. from p. 8

timber a dead-fall held a fine dark marten. As he descended to the crossing of the creek, a little female fisher, soft as silk and as glossy as a sealskin, hung suspended from a spring-pole.

Jensen smiled in anticipation as he noted the double set of tracks and had reason to, for the next steel trap held a male fisher of exceptional size, but coarse and roughly furred.

He crossed the Hiyu-wawa where it was shallow and wide, picking up a mink fro ma No. 1½ trap set in a hole in the bank.

He made a fire, and while the teakettle was boiling skinned his catch of the day. The Hiyu-wawa was a fast little stream with many falls interspersed with long stretches lined with heavy timber, in which marten tracks were plentiful, two deadfalls in succession yielding a marten each. The climb was steep in spots as the creek swung more easterly to an open summit two miles in length, the water from the easterly side going to the Skeena.

The old snowshoe trail became easy to follow and Jensen transferred most of the load to Tulibee. A fresh wolverine track cut in on the trail and then followed it. "Ha, Mr. Volverine," muttered Yon, "dere's a nice Number Four Newhouse not very far und two Number Trees (3's) bout half a mile furder on."

But on reaching the traps, he found one after another circled in derision by the most incomprehen-

continued on page 51

Yon and his winter Grizzly

Going over the pass into the Stikine valley.

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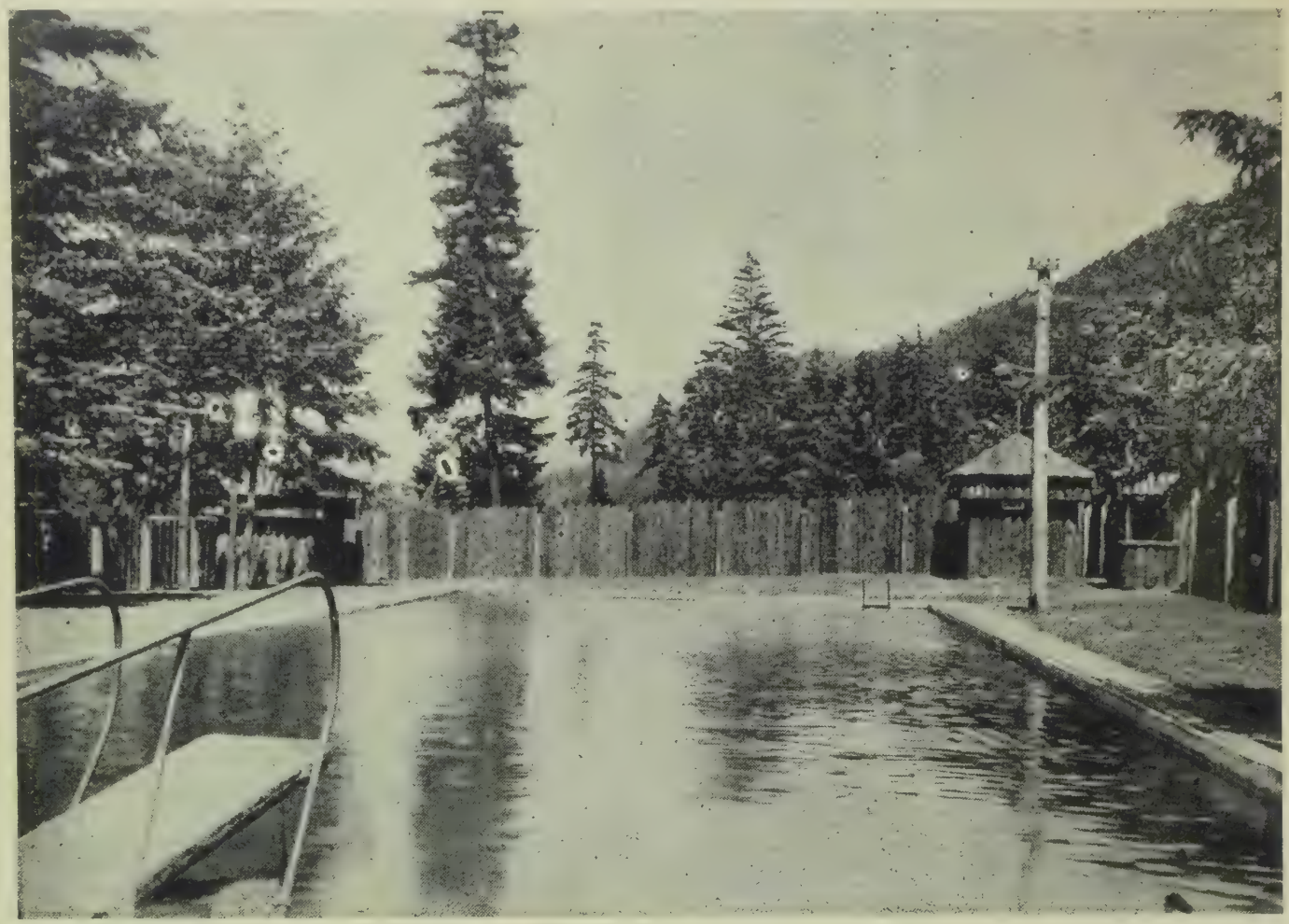

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'TULIBEE' cont. from p. 48

sible and unpredictable of all the creatures of the North American wilderness.

Yon picked up the three traps and carried them to a pile of moose manure, in which he buried them in order to remove the musky smell with which the skunk-bear or wolverine had befouled them.

The next trap, a dead-fall (or stick-trap) was torn apart and scattered over the snow. Damning the whole weasel family, he re-built it. The wolverine had followed the trail to within a mile of the cabin, destroying all sets and brushing the trail snares contemptuously aside. Finding a porcupine caught in a trap, the glutton had carefully torn the belly out and feasted on the carcass without getting quilled. The trapper silently re-set the trap with all his skill and with an addition of two more traps, hiding all sign and brushing out his tracks with a spruce bough. He threw the remains of the porcupine—quills down—between the hidden traps and surveyed the triple set with a satisfied eye as he ruminated aloud. "Try dose vunce, Mr. Volverine. Dere'll be no more fur on dis line as long as ju stick round." He headed for the cabin in disgust. Suddenly Tulibee stopped and growled. Yon followed his eyes and spotted the fresh tracks of the wolverine leading from up the hill but stopping suddenly within fifty feet of the trail, then turning and making for the timber in great leaps.

Snatching the pack from Tulibee, Yon pointed to the tracks. The dog rolled and shook himself, then sped up the hill, plunging in places through the snow where the great feet of the wolverine had carried it. Tulibee reached the shelter of the timber, where the crust carried him. Jensen took his gun and followed the dog leisurely until three short barks announced that he had sighted his prey.

The trapper speeded up and presently Tulibee gave the wolf howl of a remote ancestor. "Eider treed or at bay," surmised Jensen. Short-cutting in the direction where the sound came from, he found Tulibee at the foot of a great balsam, whining excitedly and gazing intently at the upper branches.

Circling the tree, which was heavily limbed to snow level, even Jensen's keen eyes could not locate the animal. He looked at Tulibee accusingly, but as the tracks convinced him, the dog barked sharply and reassuringly. Jensen backed away and walked around the tree. The musky smell suddenly grew strong and Tulibee's warning bark sounded as the wolverine leaped with squirrel-like activity to an adjoining tree. Jensen's gun cracked and the wolverine, clinging tenaciously to a limb, hung for a few seconds, then finally dropped to the snow.

Tightening a snare around its neck, he hung it to a limb and made for the cabin, where he found things in good order and a note from Charlie Jansie stating that he would be back to this cabin about the last of February. "Yee," Yon said to himself, "Ay tink dat's today." He took the .22 and went to look at Charlie's traps between the cabin and the summit and to hunt ptarmigan.

At a stump-set he found a little cross fox resignedly awaiting the mercy-kill. Yon had taken his kodak and snapped the little fox as it returned his gaze fearlessly. He hung it up by a snare, as was his custom, for in his past experience a supposedly dead fisher had come to and disappeared.

He proceeded to the summit and found the travelling easy as soon as he left the timber, as the snow was ivory hard. Ptarmigan tracks marked the lightly powered crust everywhere where clumps of mountain birch gave the birds shelter. The terrain fell away gently towards the headwaters of the Skeena. He had left Tulibee at the cabin, as ptarmigan hunting was not a game at which he was any help. The .22 cracked again and again. Satisfied, Yon took a last look to where the trail disappeared around

continued next page

Caught!

'TULIBEE' - concluded

a knoll a scant quarter of a mile away. His hunting had taken him some distance from the trapline and as he turned to go back to his surprise he saw a big grizzly ambling towards the timber.

He dropped behind a clump of the brushy mountain birch and watched the movements of the bear. As it reached the shelter of the timber the snow softened and the travelling was difficult.

The bear turned back to the hard snow and was coming directly towards him. Yon debated swiftly whether he could reach the soft snow before the bear could head him off.

Glancing to the knoll where the trail disappeared, he saw a man and a dog coming. "Jansie!" he exclaimed. "But I tink the bear vould catch me on de hard snow. Ay tank Ay mak me for de soft snow and a tree." He just made the timber when the bear spotted him. He swung into the first tree which was big enough to climb, receiving a shower-bath from the heavily laden limbs.

The bear was soon tearing madly at the tree and threatening to dislodge him when Jansie appeared. Jansie grinned as he sized up the situation. Then his .300 Savage roared and the big bear sank slowly in the snow, just twitched a few times and was still. Jensen descended from his precarious perch and retrived his .22. "Vell," he said, "Gud ting ju cum along." Jansie had started to shovel snow over the bear to keep it from freezing during the night when an idea struck him. "Gimmee your kodak and get behind that bear before I cover him. I want a snapshot of what a scared Swede looks like." They went to the cabin together, picking up the little cross-fox on the way. Jensen started the fire and then resumed his snowshoes. "Where are you going now?" asked Charlie. "If you're looking for another bear, I'd better go with you."

"Neffer mind," rejoined Yon. "Ay just go a little vays to pick up a volverine Ay left hanging in a snare. Vun played ded on me vunce." He returned to find supper ready, for Charlie Jansie was known as the fastest camp cook in the North.

Supper over and the fur safely on stretchers, they recounted the two previous weeks' experiences over their pipes.

Yon's last remarks as they were rolling into their bunks was: "Vot the halvas dat dam grizzly doin' out dis time of jeer? Ay tought dey denned up in January and February." "So they do," replied Jansie, "but a soft spell of weather and a crazy Swede runnin' around with nothin' but a .22 might induce any bear to come out. Good night."

When they skinned the grizzly next morning he proved to be prime and perfect and almost as fat as a fall bear, which helped to substantiate Charlie Jansie's theory that he had been denned, but either coaxed or forced out by the February thaw.

The Workman's Compensation Board

NOTICE TO BUILDERS

Workmen employed on construction work in any industry under the Workmen's Compensation Act are automatically entitled to the protection which the Act provides.

All other construction work (including reconstruction, repair, alteration or demolition of any building) is now deemed to be within the scope of the Act, provided:

1. **That construction, reconstruction, repair,**
2. **That one or more workmen are employed; alteration or demolition was commenced on or after April 1, 1946; and and**
3. **That the construction, reconstruction, repair, alteration, or demolition has, in the opinion of the Board, an estimated value or cost of $2,500.00 or more.**

Any employer having such workman or workmen is now required to register with the Board by submitting an estimate of the payroll expenditure and to pay the assessment due in connection therewith. Forms for this purpose may be obtained from the undersigned together with such other information as may be required.

Failure to comply with the requirements of the Workmen's Compensation Act rende rs employer liable for the statutory penalties.

Address inquiries to:

The Workmen's Compensation Board
411 Dunsmuir Street
Vancouver, B.C.

"The Vagrant Village" BURNS LAKE

continued from page 9

ping, the sawmills, tie camps, and the pit prop industry, it now has many visible means of support.

It is interesting to note how newcomers have a tendency to think that the townsite and the improvements surrounding it were ready made. Looking at the level expanse of the Recreation Park, with its first-class ballground and a fenced-in hockey rink, it is difficult to believe that it was once heavily timbered, but logged off during railroad construction. However, the big stumps and heavy underbrush remained and were cleared off by the earliest citizens of the embryo city. Even the section men from Burns Lake and Tintagel spent many an evening clearing the land and on July the First, 1916, the first ball game was played, but the infield was the only part that was actually cleared, the outfielders risking their lives chasing fly balls amongst the stumps. Now the grounds are one of Burns Lake's greatest assets.

Mulvaney's 'tent - town' - Burns Lake in 1915

Burns Lake - 1940

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Agriculture in Northern B.C.

continued from page 11

Milne Brothers were among the first settlers in the Vanderhoof district, one of whom is still living on his original farm. Among the earliest areas settled near Prince George was the Mud River Valley. It was 35 years ago that Mr. Andy Miller walked into that valley and selected the land he still farms. Pineview received its first settlers in 1914, but it was 1920 when the first large settlement took place, and at the same time Vanderhoof received its largest number of settlers.

A very large development took place in the Vanderhoof, Prince George and the Bulkley Valley areas immediately after the end of the First Great War, when, through the newly-formed Land Settlement and Soldier Settlement Boards, many hundreds of returned soldiers were settled on the land, and possibly one-third of the present farmers in these three districts were part of the original group. There has not been any large influx of settlers since 1921, and it is likely that the present population in the rural areas of Central B.C. is no greater today than it was at that time. There are some who think it is not as great today, but to the observant person it is very obvious that the type of agriculture practised today is much sounder, with more farmers living off the land, instead, as was often the case, of the farmer living off the grant he received. Some of the best land in the area under discussion is to be found along the banks of the Fraser River between Prince George and McBride, but much of this has been held back from settlement through the lack of suitable communications. McBride itself is going ahead steadily and should continue to do so.

Agriculture in Central B.C. benefited considerably during the recent war. The building of the airports and the army camps brought in hundreds of workers, many with their families, all of whom had to be fed. Most of the supplies for the army were brought into the area, but during the years 1942 until the middle of 1945 farmers had no difficulty in selling most of their smaller products locally. The farmers as a whole responded nobly to the call for more production and large increases were shown in all but dairying, which declined to two-thirds of normal. During this period shipments of sheep, hogs and cattle were more than doubled, and alsike clover seed and mixed vegetables quadrupled. Mixed vegetables were sought for by army and contractors alike, and in respect to the effort made to supply the needs, the District of Woodpecker must receive special mention, for the farmers there have grown almost 75 per cent of the vegetables produced in the eastern half of Central B.C. during the last four years. As far as was possible, instruction in the grading of vegetables was given to the producers by the local agricultural officials, and it is to the everlasting credit of the producers that of the many hundreds of tons sold during this period only one ton of potatoes was supplied below required standard, and these had been touched with frost en route. At the same time that local supplies were arriving at their destinations in good condition, several shipments from outside sources were condemned.

As the following account will show, Central B.C. has come a very long way since the days of railway construction, when the total crop amounted to a few hundred tons of hay and oats and a small amount of farm commodities.

The first creamery in Central B.C. was opened under government subsidy at Vanderhoof in 1925. The manager was a Dane, who after two years moved to Prince Rupert and there entered into the same business for himself. Seeing the dairying possibilities of the Bulkley Valley, he undertook to instruct farmers in the correct methods of producing and handling milk. He did a good job, and so did his pupils, and very soon regular shipments of whole milk were being sent to Prince Rupert, a distance of 250 miles. The business expanded and at the present time the annual amount of whole milk shipped from the Bulkley Valley exceeds 110,000 gallons, which, with other dairy products, brings that district an annual income of over $50,000. The district to the west of Endako is the largest producer of timothy seed in the province and in normal years will produce three-quarters of a million pounds. The seed is of the highest quality and has won the highest awards in many of the most important seed exhibitions. This district also supplies Prince Rupert with much of its livestock, poultry products and vegetables.

The story is equally bright and encouraging in the eastern part of Central B.C. The dairy industry expanded very much when about ten years ago Mr. Alfred Miller opened at Prince George the first of his three creameries. In spite of the present regrettable lack of interest in dairying, the industry is still worth over $50,000 per annum. An average year will see $150,000 worth of livestock produced, of which two-thirds go to outside markets. Vegetables valued at $40,000 were sold in the peak year of the war, and two years ago the late Mr. Down sold the first certified seed potatoes ever sent out of the district. The alsike clover seed crop calls for special mention. This seed is famous all over the Dominion, thanks largely to the early efforts of such men as Bill Kolling, E. J. Down, T. Kerkhoff, Blackburn Bros., and a few others, who in the early days of development took the time off to prepare exhibits of seed, which in time won major awards in many of the larger exhibitions. Grown first in the Prince George area, it is also being grown in increasing quantities at McBride and Vanderhoof. The crop was worth over $70,000 last year, and the district has been asked to double production this year, which may easily be done if the fields are not damaged by early spring frosts.

Our poultry products are worth $30,000 annually, which, added to the value of our field crops, live-

continued on page 56

Why Not Go North ?

continued from page 12

Varden and lake trout lie in wait for the careless small fry who venture too far from the shallows at the mouth of the creek, and when, by chance, one of these monsters mistakes your fly for a darting yellowjacket, you have a fight on your hands which you will remember for a long time. If you don't land him? Well, it's always the best ones that get away.

Years ago, a journey to this sportsman's paradise would have necessitated weeks of patient preparation on your part, followed by miles upon endless miles of heartbreaking toil and real—instead of synthetic—"roughing it," to attain your destination. Today, with the aeroplane coming into its own on the home front, and good gravel roads throughout the southern half of the province, you can be on the hunting grounds two or three days after leaving home, if you so desire.

Reliable luxury liners fly from Vancouver to Prince George daily. Prince George may be called, in all justice, the hub of Northern British Columbia. It is the end of the famed Cariboo Highway and the starting place to all points north. Planes may be chartered here to any part of the North, and you can be at your camping ground, where your guides, packhorses, and provisions await you, a few hours after alighting from the Vancouver ship at Prince George's up-to-date airport.

Those who decide to motor may travel till farther north and charter the plane at Fort St. James, on beautiful Stuart Lake.

The Canadian Pacific Air Lines has maintained a base here all through the war and private interests are starting business in the spring.

Rates are reasonable, when the distances to be covered are taken into consideration, and are usually based on a flat rate per hourly flying time, with a ferry charge on charter trips where the pilot has to fly his machine one way with no pay load.

In all probability it will be from Fort St. James that your guides and equipment have started out two or three weeks previously in order to reach the hunting grounds and be in readiness for your arrival. All you will need to worry about is your own personal equipment which you carry with you.

The planes are pontoon equipped and carry from twelve to eighteen hundred pounds, depending on the distance to be covered. The extra weight on long trips being taken up by extra fuel, and although you may be alarmed at first by the apparent lack of preparation for accidents compared to the elaborate paraphernalia carried by planes farther to the south, you have no need to worry.

In the first place, British Columbia's bush pilots are topnotch. They know their ships, they know their territory, and they also know that, should engine trouble develop, which it rarely does, their chances of landing on one of the myriad lakes which dot this country are much better than would be their fate should they take to parachutes and the members of the party become separated, fifty, sixty, or even more miles from civilization, sans axe, sans bed roll, sans rifle and provisions. Living off the country may be all right in theory, but it's pretty slim pickings when you start doing it. Better, by far, to stay with your ship, which is equipped with two-way radio, and wait for your brother pilots to fetch you out. Even if you are unlucky enough to have damaged your radio, it will only be a few hours until the boys turn out in force to search for you, and they have a far better chance if you all stay close to the ship and send up a good smoke signal, than to start out over virgin country, unprepared.

In fifteen years of almost continuous air activity out of the Fort St. James base, there has been only one fatal aeroplane accident in which local planes were involved, and the number of forced landings can be counted on your fingers. The majority, even of

continued page 57

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Agriculture in Northern B.C.

continued from page 54

stock and dairy products, gives an annual income for the eastern half of Central B.C. of close to $400,000 and approximately three-quarters of a milion dollars for the whole of Central B.C., clearly proving my former statement that the district has come a long way since construction days.

The future holds much promise, providing some foresight and careful planning is harnessed to the hard work farming always entails. When we examine our assets we find we are not badly off. We have land whose fertility is equal to that found in most districts in the same latitude and is not too expensive to clear. We can readily sell livestock of good quality; some farmers are now growing all the apples they need; a complete crop failure has never been experienced and need not be if mixed farming is practised; crops that were considered as impossible in the early days are now being grown successfully; the district is expected to produce honey commercially within a few years, and, most important addition to our assets, we have an Experimental Station to guide us to further success.

What we have not got, but must have, if the country is to be fully developed (as it deserves to be) is an overall supply of good water on the farms. From Giscombe to the western boundary of McBride, good water is easily obtained, and in the Vanderhoof area we know fairly well the depth that good water can be found by drilling, but in most other places water is difficult to find, and the operation much too expensive for the average farmer's pocket. It would seem imperative that the officials in charge of reconstruction should undertake a serious programme of drilling for water in all areas where it is not easily located, for I can think of no other one thing that would stimulate agricultural settlement in this whole territory as the discovery by drilling of the general depth of water and the establishment of a series of producing wells where none are at present.

We need markets, and it is here that a planned agriculture is essential. Our livestock must be improved through the use of the best bulls and by selective breeding, and we must build up our dairy herds to previous or better levels. The market demands quality products and will pay well for them, but will refuse poor quality products. Let the hog producers in each locality arrange a programme so that the majority of mature hogs are ready for market at the same time, thus making pool-car shipments from smaller areas than is now the case. Patronize existing sales organizations and have some voice in their operations. Most new markets must be found outside our district boundaries, but they will be found if we are prepared to supply co-operative shipments of high quality.

Central B.C. is a good place to live in and with proper appreciation of the good things it already possesses, plus some careful planning on the part of us all, it can be made an even better place. Let each of us do our share in making it so.

The end.

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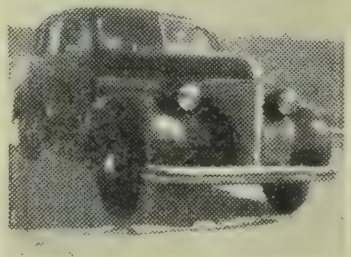

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Why not go North ?

continued from page 55

these, have been from planes breaking through the ice when landing in the spring or fall.

I remember one occasion, however, which might have resulted in disaster except for the cool-headed foresight of the pilot. It happened years ago, when Ted Fields, well-known bush pilot, who is now connected with the Canadian Pacific Air Lines, was doing charter work with an old Fokker monoplane out of Talka Landing to Two Brothers Lake, and to points anywhere else within a radius of a couple of hundred miles where the old United Air Transport might be able to pick up a load.

On the day in question, Ted was flying a load of company officials for Two Brothers Gold Company from Fort St. James to Takla Landing. Shortly after the take-off Ted noticed, to his horror, that one of the floats, or pontoons, had broken loose from the supporting struts in front during the take-off and was hanging in a perpendicular position under the machine. Utterly useless for landing purposes, and even worse, constituting a very real hazard, as there was grave danger that the loosened pontoon, on hitting the water so much sooner than its mate, would capsize the machine at the first attempt to land.

Ted decided, after sizing up the situation, to make a try at it while he still had plenty of fuel to pull out of his landing dive if his first plan threatened failure, and after flying over the settlement two or three times to allow his comrades stationed there time to realize his plight, ordered all doors opened to avoid being trapped in the machine should it sink immediately, and stationed his passengers so that their weight would counteract the pull of the loosened float when it first hit the water.

A few breathless seconds followed, punctuated by flying spray and apprehensive gasps, and Ted landed his plane load of passengers as one of them put it later, "without even getting our feet wet."

In closing, may I add a few words on Northerners generally? In your dealings with them always remember: "They are the way they are because that is the way they want to be; not because they don't know any different." Most of them have been out to the so-called centers of civilization. Some of them have come from there, but they are nearly all in the North because they prefer to be there. So accept the Northerner at his own valuation, admire his virtues, which are many. Swear at his faults, if you will, but never, never pity him. He wouldn't change if he could, and he won't thank you for insinuating that he might.

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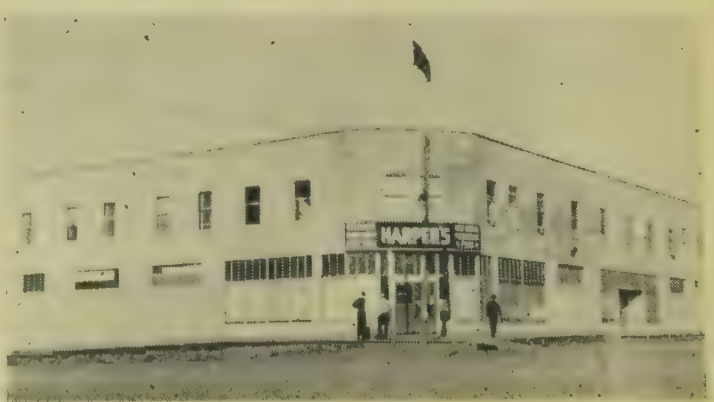

Homesteading In Central B.C.

continued from page 44

into the crystal ball and say, "Good times are here to stay" or "We'll have another depression." But, bad times or good, our area is comparatively well favored in that we can always raise enough to feed ourselves because crop failures are few and far between; our taxes are low; we have bountiful natural resources at hand.

We who have weathered the bad times and good have a boundless faith in the country. In the not-too-far-distant future we expect to see hydro-electric power, of which we have an ample potential. We expect to see more illustration farms established throughout the district, at least one big agricultural boarding school, bus service for school children, modern tourist accommodations, an interior packing plant, and facilities for processing our own produce.

When that day comes we shall no longer be able to term ourselves "frontier people." We'll be "civilized," in the modern sense of the word. I expect to feel a nostalgia, then, for the good old days. I'll probably park my tottering frame in an easy chair, gather the young folks around me, and tell them stories of bygone times. Wiping the tears from my chin, I'll fondly recall my bronco-bustin' days, probably exaggerating a bit—as I suspect the old folks sometimes do.

Yes, we look forward to progress. But Heaven forbid that we progress so far that a doe and her fawns will never again lick our salt block, or a bull moose walk through our garden. May we never devastate our forests to the degree that we can walk through them and see no sign of wild game. I doubt if this ever happens to us, because our terrain is far too wild and rugged. I believe our land will always remain a hunter's and fisherman's paradise, and a source of wonder to the tourist sightseer.

The oldtimers around Francois Lake say that once you have lived here ten years you'll never leave. They are right! We decided to leave, once, in the bottom of the depression. We had sold our steers to a buyer for twenty dollars apiece, and we wondered how in blazes we could possibly exist through the winter. We hadn't taken out our naturalization papers yet, and we were going back to the States to our old job. I even packed our clothes, rags and all; but—you've guessed it—we couldn't go. We had given our list of belongings to an auctioneer and he was about ready to advertise our sale. He was quite put out when we called it off, but we did our best to explain that we couldn't bear to see the team, Jerry and Dixie, go off to new homes where they might be ill-used. We just couldn't part with old Shep, the cattle dog, or old Mollie, our herd mother. Do you think I could bear to think of another woman puttering around my berry patch, where I had put in so many hours of hard work?

That was after only a few years. After ten years, nothing could have pried us loose. Now, after fourteen, we are as firmly planted on our ranch as a well-trained bulldog on the seat of a burglar's pants. We are here to stay. Some people live a lifetime and I'm sure they haven't found the pleasure and happiness we have found in building a home in the frontier.

In comparison with many parts of the continent, we are pretty lucky up here, too. We don't have floods, earthquakes, or pests (not even in the form of house peddlers). We never have severe cold in winter, nor excessive heat in summer. Our growing season is shorter than in the south of the province, but our days are long and sunny. Of course, we have the occasional dry year. What area doesn't? But usually we are certain that if we put seed in the good earth we shall reap a harvest. A good part of our soil is rocky, so we do not go in extensively for grain raising. Mostly, the soil is seeded to grasses, clover and timothy, and our hay crops are abundant. There is no better pasture land on the face of the earth than our wild peavine and vetch ranges. Cattle wade knee-deep in it, and finish up in the fall on the cut-over hay fields. The wild range is good for only about three or four months.

We are blessed with the bounty of nature, but we don't have a night club in the country. We don't even have a golf course. Our picture shows are at least a year old when we see them, and it keeps us hustling to get the cows milked and the chores done in time to get to the show before it's half over. We haven't seen a nylon stocking up here, yet, but we live in hope. My hands are no longer "lady fingers" and I sport a few freckles and sometimes a smudge of garden dirt on my nose. I live most of the time in slacks and an old shirt; and when I make an infrequent visit to the city, I feel like a moss-back for at least two days, until the beauty experts have had a chance to do their work—and do they earn their money!

But I have fun! Right now the fields are greening. There is a baby Hereford already arrived, and more coming. The bulbs are poking their noses at the sun, out in my flower garden. The earth smells moist and sweet and clean to my nostrils. My dog is following me like a shadow, begging for his first mouse hunt out in the clover field. Pretty soon there'll be new kittens in the woodshed, and a hen hatches Sunday! So, I ask you, who cares for night clubs?

The End.

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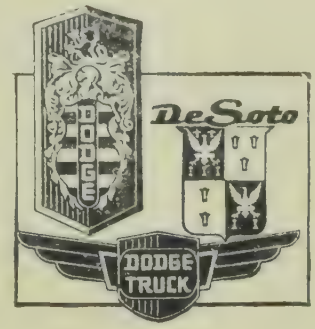

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Tips on Fly-fishing

continued from page 39

shook his head. "Most of these dudes use a hook that would do for a meat hook. Half the fish in the country get sprained jaw muscles trying to get the darned things into their mouths. A number 6 is plenty large enough, but an 8 or 10 is best."

"What about dry flies?" I prodded gently, "what about them?"

"They are alright for them as likes 'em," chuckled the oldtimer. "But they don't get the fish a wet fly will—at least, they don't for me. In fact, I'd sooner use a spoon or a spinner any day than mess around with a flock of these here dry flies."

"Some folks use nothing else," I told him.

"Let 'em," he retorted. "Me, I never have any luck with 'em."

"Well, what about spoons?"

"Spoons are alright, too," said the oldtimer, stifling a yawn. "There is one spoon that should be taken off the market. It is a killer, a great chunk of jewelry that fish can't seem to resist. I mean the 'Davis Lake Gang Troll.' It is the clear rig for a man that wants to catch a lot of small fish on a hand line. I used one up in Stuart Lake and caught so many fish I was ashamed of myself."

"Is there any kind of a spoon that can be used with a fly rod?" I asked.

"Yup," said the oldtimer, sleepily, "there sure as heck is. It's called the 'Gibbs Fresh and Salt Troll,' the finest spoon that was ever turned out. You can cast with it or troll with it. This spoon is so light that there is no drag on the line at all. A fellow can surely have sport with one of these spoons. You can catch large Rainbows with it. You see, Rainbows are cannibals and this F.S.T. looks for all the world like a baby Rainbow that has lost its mother."

The oldtimer pulled his sleeping bag out of the canoe and started to unroll it. "Tell this tourist that

concluded next page

Frontier Justice 1909 Style

speckled roosters! Get outa' my garden! I warned yu', Johnny, effin' yu' didn't keep them dad-ratted chickens to home I'd blast yu' t' Kingdom Come." Johnny G. rolled wrathfull into sight across the road, his trusty blunderbus in hand and his rheumy eyes snapping.

His reverie shattered, Johnny the Blacksmith wasted no time, his own shotgun stood in the corner, ready loaded against this very threat. The menace was almost upon him. With one motion, Johnny the Blacksmith reached the gun and fired at the shadow filling his doorway.

Sickening moans floated on the spring air. Johnny the Blacksmith dropped his trusty weapon and yelled for help. Johnny G. sat moaning in the dust. His rage forgotten, fat hands clutching fatter paunch, where every single pellet from the shotgun charge nestled painfully, yet harmlessly, amid layers of fat.

"That'll teach you to go round threatening your neighbors," said the Doctor, unsympathetically, as he patiently probed through shrinking flesh.

"Twenty-five dollars and costs each," said Johnny the Judge the next morning. "And I bind you both to keep the peace for one year."

Tips on Fly-fishing

size 1 or 2 is the best lure for Rainbows, that is if he is going to use this Gibbs spoon I was telling you about. If he wants to catch himself a few char, he can get the same spoon in a larger size. G'night."

The oldtimer snored so loudly that, tired though I was, I could hardly sleep and through my head a Dark Montreal chased a Royal Coachman in a giddy whirl of color.

A Different Slant

The efficiency of the Occident while greatly to be admired has none of the subtle touches of Oriental ineffic ency. A mistake in a Western newspaper or periodical is an outstanding occurrence. And is usually rewarded by letters to the Editors, letters to Parliament, great floods of letters. Editors, composing room staffs, proof-readers, linotype operators and everyone connected with the establishment is given hades in varying degrees.

The Oriental newspaperman has a different view of things however. He deliberately makes mistakes. Why? He makes mistakes to give the readers a chance to exercise their ego. He likes to make his readers feel good, and he knows just how good a reader can feel if he finds one mis-spelled word in say twenty thousand, or one transposed phrase or sentence in twenty or thirty pages of printed matter.

(Adopted from the writings of Lin Yu Tang.)

HOWLERS

Adolesence is the stage between puberty and adultery.

Trigonometry is when a lady marries three men at the same time.

A Black Maria is a negro's wife.

A bust is something a lady wears.

A catalogue is a dialogue by four people.

A census taker is a man who goes from house to house increasing the population.

Chivalry is the attitude of man towards a strange woman.

An eavesdropper is a kind of a bird.

A home is where you live with your loved ones and a house is a mansion on a hill with plenty of trouble.

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STORY OF AN AXE

continued form page 5

we were ready to fly at each other's throats.

One evening when it was pouring with rain and we were tired out, we made camp in a very poor place. After making some sort of a job with the tent and getting a fire going with whatever "squaw wood" we could gather without an axe, I had strolled inland through the woods a short distance, chiefly, I think, to get away for a while from my partner, as I felt a little guilty over the axe incident. I was also worried, as it perhaps meant either turning back downstream again to McLeod's Lake Post, our nearest outfitting point, or continuing up to the headwaters of the river to our portage into the McGregor River and so to Fort George, a long trip there and back, and no mistake, to re-equip ourselves. The chance of meeting any person en route that could assist us in making good our loss was very slim, as one could round bend after bend, day after day, in those far-off days, with never a camp fire smudge to be seen against the sky.

While idling along as I have descirbed for a few minutes, my eyes caught an unusual object protruding a few inches out of the trunk of a large spruce tree close to me. On making a closer examination I discovered what looked like an ancient Hudson's Bay axe-head deeply imbedded in the trunk of the tree. The handle had long since rotted away, and the growth of the tree had spread out and almost covered the head. With the help of my knife, I managed after much trouble to dig it out. I found, even though many years had passed since it had been driven into the tree, that it was still in very good shape, a tribute to some old craftsman in Sheffiield. Why the old trapper never returned to regain his valuable axe will never be known—just another of the secrets which the silent north never gives up.

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Western Alaska Highway

continued from page 36

end of the Sullivan is in sight. The mineral belt of northern British Columbia is to the west and much more accessible from points farther west. Beyond the junction of the Finlay and Peace Rivers there is no agricultural land, and the climate is not suited to farming if there were. This project, particularly the northern portion, would be subject to the searing cold, as found on the Alaska Highway, funnelling down the Trench, and entirely lacking the chinooks of the Peace River Block country. Spring comes late and slowly, too, in this region. The grades are good, with the height of land at Sifton Pass being approximately 3300 feet. Twenty-two major bridges are necessary, two of them, the Finlay and the Liard River, would be very large undertakings. The 300-mile stretch between Watson Lake and Whitehorse is over bleak, rugged mountain terrain. Tourists would not travel the "B" route twice. They don't want to tough it any more, and the attractions of this road are seldom and would not warrant the necessary establishments. Prince George would gain a small amount from the "B" route, the rest of Central British Columbia would benefit nothing. The apathy of Vancouver people to what the development of the huge resources of our north means is very strange. Nothing but a few set pieces ever appear in the Vancouver papers. The average layman in Seattle knows more about the matter than do many of the Vancouver Board of Trade members.

(2) The Prince George-Fort St. James-Takla and Bear Lakes project. The people of Central British Columbia have known the possibilities of all three routes for many years. In the beginning the Hazelton project was always known as the "A" route. The term "A" has been usurped by the advocates of the Prince George-Fort St. James project without any right whatsoever. This has resulted in a great deal of confusion. In this article Prince George-Fort St. James project will be referred to as such. Unlike the "B" route, much can be said in favor of the Prince George-Fort St. James route or project. Central British Columbia would be unitedly for it, had there not happened to be a still better way, and many of us have been in a position where we could study and learn what is for the best. No road in a mountainous country can be straight for any great distance. This project, however, follows waterways for a considerable distance that have a northwesterly trend, which is the direction wanted. Its bearing is comparatively direct from Prince George to Whitehorse. It is not the shortest way between Vancouver or Seattle and Whitehorse, as some claim. The shortest way is to break away from the Cariboo Highway at Williams Lake or Quesnel, head up through the Chilcotins to the east end of Tweedsmuir Park; thence via Grassy Plains to Nadina and Houston, on the Canadian National Railway and Prince George-Prince Rupert Highway; thence following this highway to Smithers, where there is a fog-free airport; thence to Hazelton, and on via the proposed Hazelton-Whitehorse Highway to Whitehorse. It is by many miles the shortest way, but we are not advocating it. Our motto is, "Let all Central British Columbia flourish," and do what we can to further that end.

To return to the Prince George-Fort St. James project. This road would pass through the south portion of the Stikine main mineral belt and such prospecting as has been done demonstrates that this belt is rich in precious metals. It would be wonderful to have a real highway to which laterals could be tied in. Grades are excellent throughout. A lodge is already established at Fort St. James, and as other resorts opened it would attract a large tourist trade. It would join the Hazelton-Whitehorse project a few miles south of the Stikine River.

However, there are a number of points that must be considered. The first 200 miles of this project would be through country already very well served by the Vanderhoof-Fort St. James-Manson Creek-Germanson-Omineca river system of roads and waterways and from which laterals can be driven to tie in to any new discoveries. There is a well-graded and gravelled 24-foot road connecting the Pinchi mercury mine with this system, for instance. The big project would cut across but at the same time duplicate these roads, and it is not needed. Two hundred miles of highway are not built for a song. This 200 miles would also closely parallel the Prince George-Prince Rupert Highway, which presently will be a transcontinental highway, and which cost many millions in all to build. It is not reasonable to build two roads where one will serve. There would be double maintenance forever, too. This 200 miles of new highway would just attain the same northing as Hazelton, but 75 miles short of Hazelton's westing, and westing for an Alaska highway is what is most required. The 200 miles would reach the

continued on page 65

Story of an Axe

It was a simple matter to whittle out a light birch handle with my knife and hang the axe-head. In a short time I had the satisfaction of strolling back to our camping place and presenting a serviceable trail axe to my partner, naturally in a very offhand manner.

In all that lonely wilderness, far from any living person or settlements, and at a spot in the deep woods without sign of any person having camped there before, and not even close to a visible trail, and when I had needed it most, Fate had placed in my hand the Voyageur's friend, a Hudson's' Bay axe.

Or was it Fate?

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A man is an animal split half way up who walks on the split end.

A martyr is a pile of wood set on fire with a man on top.

"Rural" is the opposite of senile.

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PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Western Alaska Highway

Continued from page 63

Skeena, which enters the Pacific at Prince Rupert. That is, it is down grade to the Pacific from this point and all heavy industry developed must go to seaboard.

It may not be out of place to here consider the Prince George-Prince Rupert Highway from the tourist point of view. Tourists demand amenities these days. In every town and village along its length there are comfortable hotels, lodges and tourist camps within reach. Few, if any, highways on the continent can offer so many attractions in beautiful lakes teeming with rainbow and other game fish. Some of these lakes are on the highway, and there are good roads and transportation to the many great lakes nearby. Burns Lake is the gateway to the famed Tweedsmuir Park area. There is a definite change of climate at Hazelton. From this point onward one senses the mild breezes of the Pacific, the waters of which have been warmed by the Japanese current. And then, as you approach the coast, the breath-taking majesty of the Coast Range comes into view.

(1) Much has been written and published anent the Rocky Mountain Trench and the Fort St. James-Prince George routes and but little regarding the Hazelton-Whitehorse project. Our Premier, meeting a delegation, gave a very definite promise in December, 1943, to the effect that he would not agree to any one British Columbia connection to the Alaska Highway until our Hazelton project had had a highway survey and was thoroughly investigated — that is excepting a Peace River road connection with Prince George, which, as it happens, links in at Dawson Creek. The survey has not yet been made, owing to a lack of surveyors, but these should be available presently. The delegation to Mr. Hart represented every Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce, and every Institute and Association between Vanderhoof and Prince Rupert. The Prince George Board of Trade intimating that as Prince George would benefit by whichever road was built, she was standing by.

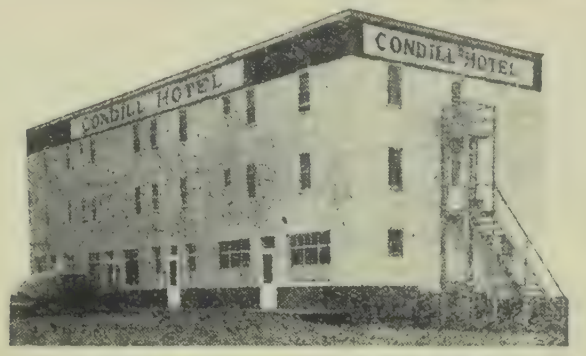
A short description of our projected highway is perhaps in order and of interest. It starts quarter mile west of Hazelton's famous Wrinch Memorial Hospital, at an elevation above sea level of 1,000 feet. Crossing the Skeena River canyon, it follows to the end of the Kispiox River road and on to the divide of the Kispiox-Nass Rivers, elevation 1,300 feet. There is a choice of routes from this point:—

One is to swing north and cross the Nass above the 6th Cabin on the Telegraph Trail near the western fringe of the Groundhog anthracite coal field. We then surmount the low divide and follow down either Beirnes or Carrier Creek to the Skeena; traverse the Skeena to its source and height of land, elevation 4,000 feet; drop down by the Little Klappan River and then either cross the Stikine, holding elevation, or swing northwest down the Klastine River to the crossing of the Stikine above the mouth of the Tahltan River. Horses winter out on the Klappan and grazing is excellent. Because of this, it has been the trail most used. It is longer and the elevation is higher than the other.

The alternative route from the Kispiox-Nass divide drops gently down and follows the Nass River basin to the main tributary, the Bell-Irving River, which it follows to its source. We cross the divide, elevation 2,000 feet, and reach the Iskut River Valley, and follow this river to its source. Continue over the height of land, elevation indefinite, but somewhere between 2,700 and 3,000 feet, and reach the Klastine River. Here we join our alternate route and also the Prince George-Fort St. James project. Location engineers can decide whether it is better to reach the Stikine via the Klastine or take the plateau by Bulkley Lake. The crossing of the Stikine is the one major undertaking throughout the project, but it is a natural. Opposing cliffs of the canyon are 500 feet apart and a suspension bridge will be necessary. There are no swamps, practically no rock work or physical difficulties of any moment throughout the length of this project. Once across the Stikine, there is again a choice of routes to be decided by the location engineers. One follows the Tuya River for a short distance, branching to the left at the first tributary, to reach and follow a plateau to Atlin. The alternative and favored route is to follow the Tahltan River to its headwaters, swing in to the Shesley River, break away and follow the McDonald Trail to the Dudidentu River and continue north to Nahlin. From Nahlin travel is northwest to Nakina. A few miles beyond Nakina we join a road leading into Atlin, follow on through Atlin town and continue north along the east shore of Atlin Lake, cross Lubbock River and follow the west bank of Little Atlin Lake, at the head of which we join the Alaska Highway, a few miles east of Tagish Village. The approximate distance from Hazelton to Whitehorse is 550 miles. The cost would be much less than the Prince George-Fort St. James route and just about half of the estimate for the "B" or Rocky Mountain Trench route.

Stewart and Hyder would tie in to this highway as a matter of course, Terrace in the course of time as development proceeded. Laterals could be built, if wanted, to reach Juneau, Wrangell and Boundary; the inside channel is tortuous and rocky. A lateral to the great Groundhog anthracite and semi-anthracite coal fields would be a simple matter. The bringing into production of the Groundhog would bring many and great industries to the coast and a beneficial influence that would be felt from "Frisco" to Vancouver to Nome. The Coast Range carries the same geological formation on its eastern flanks as at the Premier mine above Stewart on its western slopes. There is room for, and the probability of discovery

continued on page 68



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Indian settlement at Yellowknife, on Great Slave Lake, looking southwest across the lake. In the winter the lake is frozen and "cat-trains" make regular crossing from Port Resolution, on the far shore, 60 miles distant. Outlet from the lake is just beyond range of the picture, in the upper right-hand corner, and forms the headwaters of the Mackenzie River.

Destination - Aklavik

continued from page 25

and arrive in Fort Nelson 10 hours later, bearing a ten-ton load. The distance is 300 miles, but the Alcan is undoubtedly the best gravel highway in Canada and trucks can easily maintain speeds of 40 to 50 miles an hour over almost its entire length.

This year will see a great amount of freight moved via the new route. Exactly how much won't be known till freeze-up, but orders are pouring into B.C. Mackenzie Navigation Company's offices at a staggering rate—120 tons of flour, 350 cases of oranges, 50,000 feet of lumber, 25 tons of freezable canned goods, 70 tons of none-freezable foodstuffs, 3 carloads of machinery, 23 tons of dry goods, etc. And this is but the beginning. The freight will move down the Nelson River to the Liard, along the Liard to the Mackenzie at Port Simpson. There some of the barges will go on down the Mackenzie to Fort Norman, with freight bound for Eldorado, Fort McPherson, and eventually Aklavik; while others will swing upstream and follow the great river to its source at Mills Lake, where the freight will be transferred to lake boats, for the river boats cannot weather the storms that blow up on a moment's notice on Great Slave Lake. The southbound boat and barges will stop at Fort Norman for a load of radium ore concentrates from Port Radium on Great Bear Lake. (It is at Fort Norman that the Bear River, draining Great Bear Lake, enters the Mackenzie.) Oil for the Yellowknife will also be picked up at this point and delivered to Mills Lake.

The scows being assembled on the banks of the Nelson River.

All in all, thousands of tons of freight will be on the move **long before it has ever been before.**

AND WHAT DOES THE NEW ROUTE MEAN TO B.C.? With north to south communications in B.C. what they are today, it won't mean a great deal. The B.C.

continued on page 79

Western Alaska Highway

continued from page 65

of several "Premiers" and other mines on these eastern flanks and which are at present practically inaccessible. Laterals from the Hazelton project would give access and outlet. This highway would give access and outlet to many billions of merchantable spruce, hemlock, and other timber suitable for lumber, and also mining timbers; much more, as a matter of fact, than the other two roads combined could produce. There are half a million acres of good agricultural lands in the Nass River and Kispiox valleys, with a mild healthy climate eminently suitable for soldier and other settlement. Much of it is already surveyed and soldiers would come north and settle here where they would not come to the colder interior regions were it opened to them. With mining and logging under way there would be unlimited market for all that they and the Central Interior could produce. Winter snow conditions are generally better, most certainly no worse, than on either of the other two routes. Anything met on any of these routes could be handled with ease by the present-day snow machinery. Winter in the Nass Valley is four to six weeks shorter than at Prince George.

This Hazelton-Whitehorse project is a big undertaking in itself, but it is a mere gateway to infinitely vaster possibilities. Shall we pull together to the common end, "Central British Columbia shall flourish!"

N.B.—A curious light is shed on Ottawa in a late statement by "Saturday Night." That magazine claims that they received a statement from the Mines Department emphatically denying the existence of anthracite coal in the Groundhog.

Campbell Johnson, of Vancouver, in sinking a 50-foot shaft in the Groundhog cut through a four-foot and then a six-foot seam of semi-anthracite and for the lowest twenty feet was in a high grade solid vein of anthracite. Lord Rhondda, the Welsh coal magnate, had his engineers examine the coal field. He visited the area himself and thought enough of it to secure huge holdings and also a charter to build a railway from the coast to the Groundhog. He would have gone through with it, too, but the last war started and then he died. Geologists and topnotch engineers examined 2,100 square miles of the area and they figured that it carried forty-three million tons to the square mile over that area. We know that this coal area extends beyond the 2,100 square miles examined.—W.W.

SOME FACTS ABOUT PEACE RIVER COAL

continued from page 1

oughly ascertained, for the simple reason that consumption is so low (approx. 5,000 tons per year) that the known reserves would last the local market for more than 10,000 years, while the development of an outside market has been such a remote prospect with transportation facilities practically non-existent, that it has hardly warranted a concerted effort on the part of anyone (our government not excepted) to determine the exact limitations of the field.

The Gething Brothers, who have operated a mine in the vicinity of Hudson Hope since 1937, state, however, that they have found coal 40 miles north of the Peace River in due line with the large surveyed deposit running between Hasler Creek and Hudson Hope and indicates a continuance northwardly of that deposit. At the other extremity, the Hasler Creek end, no continuation was reported (to this writer), though it seems safe to assume, in view of the abundance of coal occurrences all along the Rocky Mountain foothills in Alberta, that this main occurrence continues for 20 or 30 miles. In this main zone (the HaslerCreek-Hudson Hope zone) the veins are said to average 7½ feet in thickness and the coal at the southeast end is reputedly of a slightly better grade than at the north end.

According to surveys conducted in the past, the Hudson Hope-Hasler Creek zone (exclusive of the recently discovered occurrences 40 miles to the north) covers an area of not less than 100 square miles.

As calculations in regard to coal are worked out roughly as one million tons of coal per square mile for each foot of thickness of the vein, the quantity available from this one zone would appear to be 750,000,000 tons. . . . Roughly speaking, 20,000,000 box-cars of 40-ton capacity could be loaded from this one zone before the supply would be exhausted—enough to go a long way toward wearing out the first set of P.G.E. rails which are laid down at Hudson Hope.

Apart from the above, there is

continued page 71

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Some Facts about P.R. Coal

continued form page 68

the Carbon Creek area, wherein the P. Burns Foundation have 10 square miles under option or lease and upon which they have done (in preparation for an eventual outlet) a great deal of development and survey work. Here the seams are said to be 17½ feet in thickness and of higher grade than the Hudson Hope coal. A portion, and only a small portion, of this property is said to be capable of producing some 85 million tons. Adjoining this property is the Aylard property, covering nine square miles in area. Assuming that it is on a par with the P. Burns Foundation property, a safe estimate of the coal available in the Carbon Creek area would be 200 million tons.

And then we have the Peace River Canyon deposits of some 70 square miles (surveyed). If the veins average five feet in thickness (and some of them are known to be 15 feet thick, the easy rule of figuring indicates a possible 350 million tons available, giving a grand total of over 1¼ billion tons for the district.

If no other worth while deposits were found, coal could be mined at the rate of five million tons per year for the next 250 years before the field became exhausted. We have chosen the figure of five million tons per year because government officials recently stated that unless five million tons of freight were hauled over the line each year it would not pay the government to complete the railroad to the Peace River Block.

And now a word as to quality, for despite the tremendous tonnage available, the coal MUST be of such quality that it would still be an economical fuel though it were hauled 700 miles to the coast market. As a steam coal there is said to be none better in western Canada. Mineralogically it is classed as a high-grade bituminous coal, having a high fixed carbon content and extremely low ash and moisture content. A concrete illustration as to the heating quality is available in the experience of the Northern Alberta Railways when they loaded a tender with Peace River coal for the first time. It is reported (unofficially) that the train travelled over a hundred miles farther on the tenderful of Peace River coal than it had ever travelled on a similar amount of Alberta coal.

Another illustration is the experience of two garages at Dawson Creek, B.C. At Aspol Motors, a modern stuccoed structure with ordinary heating facilities, consumption of Alberta coal during the winter amounted to 30 tons per month, and it kept one man going steady stoking the furnace, carrying out ashes, breaking up clinkers, checking drafts and moving in new supplies of coal. Upon switching to Peace River coal, with no difference in outside temperature, consumption dropped to 15 tons, there were almost no clinkers, infinitely less ash, and the attendants' work was cut in half. At Rimbey Brothers, a frame structure, winter consumption of Alberta coal was 20 tons per month, with approximately one wash tub full of ashes being removed every morning. Switching to P. R. coal, consumption dropped to 10 tons per month, with one bucket of ashes being removed every morning. Case after case could be cited—in office buildings, hotels, homes, etc. — in each of which Peace River coal has proven to be a coal of high heating quality (too hot, some housewives report), low ash content, and virtually no clinkers.

Residents of the Peace River Block would far sooner pay $15 per ton for local coal (except at Fort St. John the trucking distance from either Hasler Creek or Hudson Hope is roughly 100 miles, with consequent high costs) than $10 per ton for Alberta coal, for it has proven to be, even at 50 per cent higher cost, far more economical.

The present situation in regard to coal mine operators of the district is precarious. They apparently have no assurance from the B.C. government that they will be allowed to operate indefinitely and increase the output as the demand increases. According to the most reliable sources of information available (two of the coal mine operators in the Hudson Hope district), the coal resources of the area were placed under government reserve in 1916 because of the

continued on page 73

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Memoris of a Rambler

continued from page 74

rosy, decidedly rosy.

"I hope there are plenty of tools," I said gravely. "I sure hate working without tools."

"Huh," said the hoist man, "tools, huh, haywire."

Well, goodness knows, I had long since cut my teeth on British Columbia haywire. I had used it on the coast. I had seen logging camps that ran, so it was reputed, on nothing but haywire. I felt a sense of relief steal over me.

"Haywire, eh?" I said laconically. "Well, I have seen lots of that."

This statement established me at once in the hoistman's mind as an oldtimer. He smiled at me and offered me a plug of chewing tobacco. I refused this delicacy with a smile and a shake of my head. I realized that I was among friends. Blessed is the name haywire, for it binds B.C.'s bindle stiffs closer together than all of the Union tickets that have ever been printed.

Number six level was dank and dark and smelled strongly of burned powder and the other odors associated with hard rock mining—carbide fumes, oil fumes, and plain ordinary fumes. The shop which I had inherited was a small niche cut in the rock wall of the adit. It was fitted out with a vise, an anvil, a set of hammers in various states of disrepair, a miscellaneous pile of scrap pipe, unions, joints, and nipples; a barrel full of rusty nails and bolts and screws, none of which I could discover any use for; a box which had been fitted out to serve as a chair, and a box full of True Story magazines. The chair and the magazines decided me — this was one job that I would stick to come flood, cave-in, or explosions.

I had started into repair a hammer handle with a piece of wire when a figure loomed into the shop.

"Gettin' started, eh?" said this figure.

"Yep, I'm just fixin' things up," I responded.

"Needa waterline in ten stope," said the figure.

"Too bad," I said, having no idea of what he was talking about.

"It's your pigeon," said the figure, lighting a cigarette. "Gotta keep the pipe up to the crews. No water, no air, no ore, that's bad. This is a mine."

"Ah," I said comprehendingly. "Where is ten stope?"

"Bring your tools an' I'll show you."

I loaded the tools into pockets and under arms and followed the person. He led me to a small ladder and from the aperture into which the ladder fitted came the muted sounds of a drill at work.

"Ten stope!" said my guide and wandered off.

I climbed ladders. I climbed up, and up, and up! As I struggled upwards with my assorted tools held close to my person, the sounds of industry became deafening. At last I reached a hole from which light streamed and by some adroit juggling I managed to crawl into a highly vaulted place at the end of which two men with the aid of a

continued next page

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Watches *Watch*
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Some Facts About P.R. Coal

continued from page 71

coming of the P.G.E. In 1930 the reserves were thrown open for a few months, and then closed again. Finally, in 1937 the Gething Brothers, long-time residents of Hudson Hope, were granted permission to take out 3,000 tons for the local (or any other available) market. From 1937 on, operators in the Hudson Hope district have been allowed to produce coal by virtue of a series of permits, sometimes overlapping, at other times months have elapsed between the time tonnages allowable on one permit were mined and new permits were issued.

Apparently, then, "placing the coal resources of the Peace River under reserve" means simply that this democratic government of ours is refusing private individuals the right to develop the resources of the country. These specific coal resources are to be SAVED or reserved—FOR WHAT? Is the government going into the coal mining business? Is the P.G.E. going into the coal mining business? Or is it being reserved for exploitation by some huge corporation? The people of the Peace River would like to know the answers. But particularly the small operators of the district would like to know the answers. Generally speaking, the people of the Peace are not much interested in exactly who is going to be handed the coal resources upon completion of the P.G.E. to Hudson Hope, nor are the small operators, providing the term "reserve" is not being used merely to camouflage a "squeeze" play wherein the choice areas alongside the coming railroad are to be handed over exclusively to a corporation such as the one which has been quietly going ahead for years past surveying and developing tonnages in the area. Such trampling into the earth of private SMALL enterprise is what the last war was fought over, and the present set-up in regard to Peace River coal reserves is certainly food for thought.

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Lorne Haralson
MUSKWA, B.C.

MEMOIRS OF A RAMBLER

continued from page 16

knew less than nothing. I sat upon the edge of my bunk and pondered the advisability of sliding out of this one before I became too deeply involved. But just then a low swooping cloud deposited several bucketsful of rain on the roof of the bunkhouse, and I realized how many weary miles it was back to the nearest town.

"Give it a whirl," said my inner self.

"O.K.," I agreed, "I'll stick it out until I am fired. If I am not fired I stay for the winter."

Having thus satisfied my innerself as to the sincerity of myself, I waited impatiently for the supper bell to ring. Unfortunately, hungry though I was, I fell asleep, and when I awoke it was to find myself sprawled out on top of the bunk in pitch darkness, with the unmelodious snores of several tired miners dinning into my ears.

I stayed awake for a long time and was just on the verge of taking off my clothes preparatory to getting a real night's sleep when the first bell rang; and, as anyone knows, the first bell is a signal to get up. There were some convulsive snorts around me. Somebody cussed the lot of a working man. Someone else asked what had become of his ding-dong boots. And my career as a pipefitter was nicely under way.

The first shift I discovered, among other things, that a mine covers far more territory underground than the size of the entrance or "portal" would give one to believe. I started out all right with a carbide lamp stuck into the top of my newly acquired hard hat I followed the miners and muckers and timbermen to the hoist and was lowered down, and down, and down, faster, and faster, and faster, until I became afraid that the man on top had lost his grip on things.

Finally the hoist stopped and several miners got off. I made a move to join them, but the hoist man stopped me.

"Your shop is at number six," he said.

My shop? Good heavens, here I was, a perfect stranger, and I had acquired a shop. Things looked

continued page ~~74~~ 72

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Memoirs . . . .

machine were making a noise and drilling a hole. As I approached, one of them shut off the drill and grinned at me.

"I'm the pipefitter," I said. "You need a water line?"

The two men looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Isn't this number ten stope?" I asked.

Both men nodded.

"Then you need a water line," I insisted.

I looked around me. There were two pipes leading into number ten stope. I opened the jaws of my stilson and prepared to go to work. The miner and his helper looked at me rather quizzically.

"Wootcha doin'?" asked one.

"You needa water line!" I explained.

"Gotta water line," said the other. "Try it an' see. Unscrew that union there and you'll find out."

Both men nodded sagaciously at me and I gripped the union with the stilson wrench. They had water, assuredly they had it. Inside of one second I was wellnigh drowned.

"Hah," laughed the two men, "Hah ohhooooo hah!"

Hastily I tightened the union and stood up.

"Yuh been had," gasped the miner, "'s funniest thing I ever heerd on. Y' been had!"

At this both men literally threw themselves on the ground and roared and rolled with laughter. Hastily I left this scene of mirth and retreated down the ladder.

Back in my shop once more, I attempted to light a fire in the small forge which was part of the equipment. After much effort I finally got it burning — not brightly, but burning nonetheless. I turned the fan that was attached to the contraption and was getting a right merry blaze going when—"Bang!" Bits of charred wood and charcoal were scattered over the shop. A large piece of metal left the side of the forge and the force of the explosion threw me flat upon my back.

There was the slap, slap sound of someone running in rubber boots and before I had managed to climb erect the person who had directed me to number ten stope was helping me to my feet.

"Someone put a blastin' cap in the forge," said the person.

"Mighty near blew me up," I asserted.

"Blew you down," remarked the person technically. "Blew you flat."

"Might have killed me," I said angrily. "That was a silly thing to do, hide blastin' caps in a forge. Person done it should be fired."

"Kids," said the person, "some kid working on this level knew you were a green man, planted a cap in the forge. You light a fire. Bingo, and look at the fun he had! Did you get the water line in number ten stope?"

continued next page

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Memoirs . . . .

continued from page 75

"They had one," I said, getting madder by the minute. "I climbed away to hellangone up the ladders and the guys had a water line. So I climbed down again."

"You can climb up again, too," said the person. "They need the water above the workings you were at. They're gonna drift in there tomorrow morning. They need water and air, but you can get the air-line in after lunch."

"Who the heck are you?" I snapped.

"'M shift boss. Who in heck did you think I was, Sandy Claus?" And away stalked the person, laughing to himself.

Back I struggled to the ladder which led up the manway, which in turn led past number ten stope. I just reached the stope I had so recently left when I encountered a pair of rubber boots coming down. There was a man in the boots, which I discovered as soon as he stepped on my hand.

"Owwitch!" I yelled. "Gettoffmyhandowwitch."

"Fire," screamed the owner of the boots. "Fire! Get down, dammitt. We're shootin'!"

My trip down the ladder was one of those things I like to remember with pardonable pride. I literally flew earthwards. I do not remember touching the rungs of the ladder at all, nor do I remember my feet coming in contact with the rungs of the ladder. In fact, I think I was probably the first aerial torpedo. After reaching the floor of number six level, I waited breathlessly for something to happen, and eventually the man who had stepped on my hand put in an appearance, and shortly after he reached the foot of the ladder his companion arrived.

"She'll be goin' soon," said one of the miners.

"Yup!" said the other.

Whoom, whoom, whoom whurrumph.

"That's all of 'em," said one miner.

"The works," said the other, and turning to me, "We ust done some bulldozin'. You can go on up now."

So with the miners in the lead, I once more started heavenward, a stranger in a strange land.

Eventually I reached a platform of bulkhead which was high above number ten stope. It was an eerie place to be. There was no sound other than that of my own labored breathing, no light save the rather dull glow given off by my carbide lamp. I had all the pleasurable sensations which a worm must experience in its lifelong peregrinations beneath the surface. But, unlike a worm, I was not entirely sure of my next move, and I was also just a trifle frightened by the immensity of the job into which I had so recklessly propelled myself.

I still had two pipes for company—a large one and a small one. I knew that the samll one was the water-line. I knew also that if I was to connect another length onto the water-line I had to start unscrewing something so that I could in turn screw another length of pipe onto the water-line. Looking around me I discovered the drift in which work was to commence the following morning. I located several lengths of pipe which my predecessor had lugged up the manway. I also located, far overhead, a set of cables which would, so I later

continued next page

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learned, run the "skip" or go-devil which was used for carrying mine-timbers and steel, etc. But as yet the skip had not been hooked up.

Having looked everything over with a very professional eye, the next thing I had to do was figure out just where I fitted into the scheme of things, and to do this I opened the jaws of my stilson wrench and cast an evil look on the water-pipe. There was a tap at the extreme end of it, and lying beside the tap was an elbow. Talking to myself had long since become a habit of mine. And, regardless of whether or not it was the first sign of insanity, talking to myself brought me a great deal of comfort when there was no one else around to talk to.

"First y' gotta unscrew the tap," I said, "and then y' screw the elbow onto the pipe, and then you screw the pipe into the elbow, and then y' screw the tap onto the end of the pipe again. Any ding fool could do that."

I went over each of these highly involved moves in my own mind and could find no flaws in my reasoning. It seemed sound in every respect. Since the pipe-lines stopped parallel with the top rung of the ladder, I found that it was quite easy for me to sit on the bulkhead, with my feet dangling into space, adjust my wrench, get a firm grip on the tap and heave. There was nothing to it, nothing at all.

I heaved. The tap moved slightly. "Stubborn, huh," I said to the tap and heaved once more. The former pipefitter had apparently been a man of great strength, a veritable Hercules, for the tap stuck and nothing I could do would budge it. I removed a hammer from my tool sack and tapped the tap. Then, placing a short length of pipe on the handle of the wrench for greater leverage, I gave the old heave-ho once more. This time the tap came, it came off in one-half turn and with it came a rush of water that extinguished my lamp, drenched me through and through, and left me sitting in pitch darkness with my feet dangling over the edge of nothing.

At first the water just gushed out. In a matter of seconds, as though the stream was endowed with fiendish intelligence and knew it had me behind the well-known "eight-ball," it roared out of the ¾-inch water-line with a loud sighing expression.

Now fear is thought by some to denote cowardice. People who believe this are usually devotees of Super-Man comics or Voodoo worshippers; for of all the things I may have been in the lush and reckless days of my youth, a coward was not one of them. But finding myself in that place of darkness made me so frightened, so absolutely terrified, that I could neither move my face out of the line of water nor move my body back across the bulkhead for several seconds which seemed like hours to me.

By this time the water, which was gushing upwards like Niagara in reverse, obeyed the laws of gravity and cascaded downwards, bringing an accumulation of bits of

concluded next page

Memoirs . . . .

continued from page 77

timber, peebles and small rocks with it. These banged onto my hard hat, bounced off my shoulders and clattered down the manway while the water swished merrily towards the bowels of the earth, leaving me in a void of darkness and terror.

By straining my elleged mentality to the uttermost, I managed to bring my shaking body under control. I was contemplating the advisability of climbing still farther up the manway and thus getting out of the line of fire, when with an abruptness that deafened me the water stopped, and to my long-suffering ears came words, muted by distance, which for obvious reasons are unprintable.

Far below me I saw a pinpoint of light, which as I watched grew larger and larger until it finally developed into a miner's lamp which was fastened to the hat of an extremely agitated man. He clumped up the ladder until his head was level with the bulkhead upon which I was shivering.

"Hullo," I said weakly.

The agitated man climbed onto the bulkhead beside me and wordlessly examined the pipe from which I had removed the tap. He peered upwards into the darkness that lay above us, and then shining his light into my face stared at me with an appearance of awe.

"You aren't dead?" he asked.

"No," I shook my head. "Kinda scared though, wet too."

"You should be dead," said the man earnestly. "You should be strung up and fed to the crows. You danged near wrecked the mine."

"I forgot something?"

"You certainly did," said the man, offering me a cigarette. "You forgot one of the fundamentals."

"Oh," I replied uncertainly. "A fundamental, huh?"

"Yes, you forgot to turn the water off at the valve on six level. Consequently you drained the reservoir and the miners are now sitting down in various postures waiting for water."

"Golly!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, as you so quaintly put it, golly." The foreman told me that you were a pipefitter."

"Huh, huh," I said, fearing the inevitable.

"Your pipefitting days in this mine are over," said the man softly. "You can grab a muck-stick in the morning."

"A muck-stick?" I said, "What's a muck-stick?"

"A clam gun," said the man wearily, "or if you must be erudite, a shovel. Even you would have a hard time endangering the mine with a shovel."

"I don't want any shovel," I said flatly. "Give the shovels to someone that likes them. I don't."

"You owe us for a day's board," said the man. "Shovels aren't such bad tools either. Mucking develops the chest and back muscles."

Silently I followed the man down the ladder to number six level. I walked with him to the hoist. I rode with him to the surface. The rain had stopped, the sun was bathing the surrounding peaks with rose and fiery red. Far below me I could see a thin thread-like clearing in the immensity of the wilderness. I pointed to it.

"Is that the road?" I asked.

"Yes," said the man.

"I have enough money to pay for my board," I told him.

"O.K.," said he.

"I don't like shovels," I reminded him, "my back is strong enough for all practical purposes, my chest is a magnificent piece of equipment."

The man studied me closely and smiled at me.

"You are a British Columbian?"

I nodded.

"You are just the same as me," he remarked. "I started into this racket wrecking equipment for a junk company in Vancouver. I was as allergic to wrenches as you are to shovels. The board's on me. You can get a ride out in the morning."

He turned and strode towards the office. Halfway, he paused and turned back towards me.

"You can still have that shovel, kid," he called.

Wordlessly I shook my head. There were too many unexplored trails in B.C. Too many horizons calling.

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Fort McPherson, on the lower Mackenzie, from whence trip to Dawson City, the story of which appeared in Robert W. Service started out on his 400-mile canoe March 23rd Liberty Magazine.

Destination - Aklavik

continued from page 76

Mackenzie Navigation Company will undoubtedly prosper to the detriment of freighters on the Edmonton-Waterways-Great Slave Lake route, but the supplies will still come from Edmonton and the freight coming out of the Northwest will still have Edmonton as its destination.

But this need not be the case. Edmonton business men, and Alberta as a whole, are no doubt chuckling up their sleeves at B.C.'s lack of initiative, at its blindness in passing up the golden opportunity that lies in doing business in the N.W.T.; at the blindness which caused politicians to stop work on the P.G.E. 30 years ago and thereby delayed the day when fully 70 per cent of the business with the Northwest Territories could be done through VANCOUVER and the lower B.C. mainland.

One has but to glance at the map to see that the route from Vancouver to Aklavik is a virtual straight line; that completion of the P.G.E. to Fort St. John would put Vancouver directly in line to do the bulk of the business transacted between the peoples of the Mackenzie River basin and the south. The volume of this business is no doubtful quantity. It started when the fur traders first went into the country and has been rapidly increasing ever since. The last few years have witnessed tremendous strides in northern mining. Port Radium, on Great Bear Lake, will undoubtedly be there to stay AND TO GROW with the increased demand as long as there is a pound of uranium-bearing ore in the district or until such time as man has found another source of atomic energy; likewise the Yellowknife, with its $14,000,000 in gold produced in the last two years and its population of 3,000, is here to stay. Over 60 wells were drilled in the Fort Norman oil fields during the Canol project. Though these wells are now capped, it is but a guarantee of future activity—due to take place when other sources of supply dwindle. The Northwest Territories will probably never witness the growing of a potato in its marshy terrain, but it will forever be one of Canada's treasure chests, from whence will continue to come a great portion of the world's finest furs, the bulk of the world's two most precious metals, uranium and radium, and increasing quantities of precious metals and oil.

Thirty years ago the powers that be in Victoria and Vancouver turned their backs on the goose that was about to lay the golden egg by halting all work on the P.G.E. Railroad. Alberta, and particularly Edmonton, was no doubt delighted over the obtuseness of B.C. officials and the lack of fortitude which scared them to a halt when the rails were 300 miles short of their objective. Hundreds of square miles of B.C.'s most arable grain land (the Peace River Block) was, from an economic point of view, virtually handed over to Alberta, and to top it off, doing business with the N. W. T. remained the exclusive monopoly of Alberta.

Recent statements by B.C.'s

continued on page 81

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"All Good Doctors Lose a Patient SOMETIMES"

by Gloria Benson

During the early days superstition ran high in the Northern Indian tribes against the white man's medicine "majic." Old witch-doctors, jealous of their prestige, filled the native hearts with fear and distrust.

However, in the town of Hazelton, a doctor had contrived, with some success, to gain the confidence of these tribes. One day, thinking to further his influence, he invited a visiting Chief of the Babine tribe to witness an appendectomy. The old chief, clothed in white cap and gown, looked on with increased respect and interest. When he was done, the doctor said, "Now, Angus, when you go home you tell your people I practise good medicine. I save man's life."

"Oh, yes, doctor. I tell them you good man—very smart. They come to see you now." With that the chief went back to his home in Babine.

Several months later the chief's brother complained of a pain in his stomach. "Oh," said Angus, "Me fixum quick. Dr. ———, he show me how. I makum better quick." But the brother would have none of it, and when he saw that the old chief meant business, he started to run. But the villagers, anxious for his welfare, but no doubt even more anxious to see this exhibition of white man's magic, finally caught him and persuaded him to let the old chief operate.

"Alright," he said. "But give me good stiff drink of rum first." So they all went up to the scene of operations and he had one, two, or maybe three drinks—Angus had a couple, "to steady his hand," he said.

Soon they were ready and Angus called for two strong men. "You holdum down," he instructed. "Maybe he jump a little bit, and spoilum cut." So, while the natives tied the brother down to the kitchen table the chief sharpened his hunting knife. When all was in readiness, Angus stepped forward and with practised hand (for he had butchered many a deer) and a few flourishes made a long deep incision. His brother, after the first quivering shock, mercifully fainted away. Angus, unperturbed, carried out the operation, carefully following his great white friend's movements. When all was finished. he threaded a darning needle with coarse thread and tenderly sewed up the incision. However, when they tried to rouse the patient, they found that he was quite dead.

Things looked very black for Angus, so while his tribesmen held council, he hastily bade farewell to his family and took to the bush. For three years he wandered and evaded the far-flung dragnet of the police, but at last he was caught and they brought him into Hazelton to be tried.

On the day of his hearing, Angus was asked, just before the jury was sent out, whether he had anything to say. With the Indian's stolid indifference Angus rose to face the crowded courtroom, and quietly said, "My brother . . . he very old. . . . He die soon, anyway." He shrugged, and threw out his hands, and continued, "All good doctors—they lose patient sometimes. My friend, Doctor ————, he losum sometimes too. . . . I losum—maybe not makum same mistake again."

The jury left the room to return shortly with a verdict of "not guilty," and Angus returned to his Babine home and family. You may see him yet sitting before his door, perhaps dreaming of his debut into the world of modern surgery.

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Unemployment Insurance

Continued from page 19

ment is required to pay the expenses of administration. Unemployment Insurance Benefit is payable as a right to any insured person who fulfills the prescribed conditions, which are as follows:

(1) The insured person must have made contributions for at least one hundred and eighty days while in insurable employment during the two years immediately preceding the claim for benefit.

(2) He must apply for benefit in the prescribed manner and prove unemployment.

(3) He must prove that he is capable of and available for work, and unable to find suitable employment.

(4) He must prove that he duly attended, or that he had good cause for not attending any course of instruction approved by the Commission which he may have been directed to attend for the purpose of becoming or keeping fit for entry into or to return to employment.

The first condition limits the period within which the minimum qualifying contributions must be paid to two years preceding a claim for benefit, but if during the period within these two years the insured person was incapacitated for work by disease, or injury, or was employed in excepted employment, or was engaged in business on his own account, the two years may be extended to a period not exceeding four years.

It is manifestly fair that an insured person should not lose his insurance status by reason of illness, or injury, and it is undesirable that freedom to engage in excepted employment, or in business, should be inhibited through the possibility of loss of status under insurance. The date on which the applicant first makes appliaction for benefit and proves that he has contributed for one hundred and eighty days.

continued on page 82

Destination - Aklavik

continued from page 79

Premier Hart, however, seem to indicate that B.C. is at long last waking up. It may be that recent announcements are but a false alarm, similar to the false alarms preceding every election since work on the P.G.E. was stopped; it may mean that the powers that be are still only tossing around in their sleep. On the other hand, it may mean that it will not be so very long before trainloads of goods will be moving north over a completed and streamlined P.G.E., marked for destination points such as Aklavik, Port Radium, Yellowknife, and waypoints.

One of "Red" Powell's trucks negotiating a rather tricky curve with a sizable piece of northbound freight.

Unemployment Insurance

continued from page 81

during the preceding two years, fixes the date of commencement of his first benefit year. The date of any subsequent benefit year is determined in the same manner, except that a further condition must be complied with, namely, that the insured person has paid contributions for at least sixty days subsequent to the last day for which he received benefit in his preceding benefit year. Compliance with this requirement establishes that the insured person who has exhausted his benefit rights, in any benefit year has thereafter continued in insurable employment.

A person may be disqualified for a period not exceeding six weeks if he refuses to accept suitable employment without good cause, if he is discharged for misconduct, or if he voluntarily left his employment without just cause. The claimant does not lose any of his benefits during this period; they are only deferred and may be drawn later.

The benefit rights of an insured person are determined as of the commencement of the benefit year, and are not affected either by subsequent employment or his claim experience in that year. His benefit rights in any benefit year are determined by what is known as the ratio rule; that is, benefit for one day for every five days' contributions paid by him, in the preceding five years, less one day for every three days' benefit paid to him in the preceding three years. The insured person with five full years' work to his credit will be entitled to a full year of benefit, if he is unemployed that long and fulfills the requirements of the Act.

If he is not claiming dependency, the weekly rate of benefit of an insured person is thirty-four times that average daily contribution he has made as an employees in the previous two years, or forty times if he is claiming for a dependent.

As an illustration, a person who contributed in Class 7, which is the highest contribution class, would pay thirty-six cents a week, and would receive $12.24 if single, or $14.40 if he had a dependent.

A returned soldier who works 15 weeks in insurable employment during any 12-month period subsequent to discharge, receives credit for contributions in respect of all his Armed Service subsequent to July 1, 1941, which was the date the Act came into effect.

The National Employment Service of the Unemployment Insurance Commisison at Prince George, B.C., is anxious to serve, and will do everything possible to assist veterans, employers, and employees.

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From the PEACE to . . . .

continued from page 4

then a break for a mile, and then the rapid and a twelve-foot drop over the chutes. It certainly didn't look very healthy to a greenhorn like myself. We thought we had a fairly large barge, but, in a current as strong as it is at this point, it was tossed about like a chip. We cast off above the rapids and used sweeps to steer until the water got so swift we just sat down and hung on. Our only casualty was a hole in the barge, which was easily repaired.

SUNSET AFTER THE STORM
When out in the centre of the lake it is impossible to see land in any direction.

The engine was re-installed, the freight loaded, and on the 21st, after ten days, we were glad to be moving on. We encountered our first real acquaintance with blackflies and mosquitoes here.

Little Red River was the next settlement we stopped at, with a few supplies and the mail for them. On enquiring at these small places, I found that some of the oldtimers hadn't been out to a city for years and didnt' care to go.

Fort Fitzgerald was reached on the 23rd. Here is where you leave Alberta and enter N.W.T. at Fort Smith, over a sixteen-mile portage. All the freight was again unloaded and portaged over a sixteen-mile portage. The boat and barge were hauled over on large trailers and slid into the river and again loaded. We began to recognize each bag of spuds and each drum and board by this time.

July 1st is the big Sports Day at Fort Smith, and we managed to

continued next page

A storm on Great Bear Lake has every appearance of a storm on the ocean. Deep-sea men who have experienced storms on the lake do not belittle the "inland seaman" nor the lake's ability to kick up a fuss.

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Martin Strange, proprietor
ON THE CARIBOO HIGHWAY
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From the PEACE to . . . .

continued from page 83

get first money in the ball tournament. Freight juggling had put us in A1 shape. After a night of Indian Moochigan and dancing, we left down the river for the Great Slave Lake, which we saw for the first time on the 3rd. We spent a day and a night in a storm, trying to get into Fort Resolution. Some of the crew decided there just wasn't any use eating. We were stormbound at Resolution until the 6th. One of the crew decided he wasn't a sailor, so hired on with a sawmill here.

Our trip on the lake to Hay River was a rough one. Fighting the storm for two days and nights, we had the barge in tow, and the crew on it thought we had forgotten them at times. You have to ride a storm out, as the shore is too rocky to try a landing.

At Hay River we spent a day repairing our rigging and doing some reinforcing at the weak points.

It was with some relief that we left the lake and started down the great Mackenzie River on the 8th. At places it is twenty miles wide, but on the average it is from one to three miles across. The first fort is Fort Providence, then Fort Simpson. Here we left the barge and part of the crew and started upstream on the Liard River for Fort Nelson. (Remember, there was no Alaska Highway then.) I think the Liard and Nelson are the most scenic rivers to travel. Where the Liard passes below the Nahanni Buttes you can look almost straight up from the boat 2,000 feet. The different rock structures and vegetation are very colorful. At intervals along the banks small Indian settlements, trappers' caches and cabins can be seen set in the timber. We stopped at most of them to unload freight, take on fur, or just to say "hello." Tea and tobacco always seemed to be in demand.

Near Fort Liard we went aground on a sandbar and had to unload our drums of gas overboard, tie them on ropes and pull them to deeper water. Many a yelp was heard when the current swept one of us off balance and we headed back down the stream. When we had all the freight overboard we managed to get the tug over by digging out a channel. Once again we reloaded and went on, stopping at different camps, and on the 18th we arrived at Nelson with our load of aviation gas and some lumber. Here we met Ted Field, who was flying the Ford Tri-motor for Yukon Southern. He filled up on the gas we had just unloaded and said he'd be back in Fort St. John in fifty minutes. After juggling that gas for seven weeks, it just didn't seem right.

We loaded supplies and dogs for the trappers who were going in to cache grub for the coming winter, and left to return to Simpson. As we came to some spot near their trap-line, we would unload the supplies, the trapper and his dogs to go alone for the lure of fur. We arrived back at Fort Simpson

continued next page

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on the 22nd. One of the H.B.C. boats had arrived with their first supplies, so a celebration was well under way. After about eight months of privation, their celebration is really a good one. The trappers from down the Liard and up and down the Mackenzie generally come to Simpson to sell their furs and restock with food for the winter. Here we again played ball and supplied the music for dances.

Organized again, we left on the 24th, passing old Fort Wrigley the next day. We landed at Fort Norman on the 27th, and we were beginning to feel we were getting north by now. We went on down the fifty miles to the oil well. At that time there were five men employed there. Luckily, we were able to get a load of gas down the river. We left the barge at Norman with lumber and potatoes, etc., which we wanted to take to Cameron Bay, and went on down north to Aklavik. I had always thought of seeing the Arctic Ocean from there, but we were still fifty miles from it. One cannot waste any time sightseeing in the north if carrying freight. We spent two days visiting and looking over the Eskimo schooners. As to keeping their engines clean, I had something to learn from them. Most of them seem to be born mechanics and they need to be, for you cannot run down to a machine shop for repairs during an Arctic storm.

Back at Fort Norman, we loaded the freight from the barge into the boat and left the barge, as we didn't think we could handle it on the crossing of the Great Bear Lake if caught in a storm.

The trip up the Great Bear River, which is ninety miles from Fort Norman to Great Bear Lake, is a busy one. It is a very fast river, clear and cold. Forty miles up we came to the eight-mile rapids. Here the freight was unloaded and taken over the eight mile portage road. As the water on the rapids was too shallow in most places for the propellor to operate, we used a power capstan on the boat.

We would use rapid boats to go ahead with to string the cable about half a mile long, then anchor it and drag the boat up with the capstan. Sometimes we had to put rollers under the boat in very shallow places. Standing in the water was quite difficult, as the current would sweep your feet off the wet rocks. There were still ice banks along the river. The temperature of the water never gets above four degrees above freezing at any time. Once through the rapids the going is still difficult. Someone has to stand at the front to guide the pilot around the rocks.

At the head of the river is Fort Franklin, just an Indian settlement now. Our destination was directly across the lake, a distance of over three hundred miles, but with a small outfit we kept off the shore. We were storm-bound for a day at one island. At places where you cannot see the land the sound of the wind is a bit terrifying. A lake of this size gets as rough as the ocean and a river boat hasn't the keel for deepwater storms.

We arrived at Cameron Bay, now called Port Radium, on September 1st. Here we unloaded our spuds, worth 40 cents a sack at Fort St.

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GRIZZLIES ARE CANNIBALS

continued from page 17

bear country and I've every respect in the world for grizzly bears. I've shot them with a 30-30 rifle, however. But I do not recommend this calibre for grizzlies. A 303 is much better.

"One day a grizzly came prowling near my cabin. He was a nuisance and not exactly the kind of pet that I desired to have around. I picked up the 303 rifle and went outside to try for a shot. I couldn't locate him, but when I came back into the cabin I could see him on the edge of the clearing out of my window. I lined the 303 on him and shot through the window-glass. The report nearly deafened me, but the grizzly folded up and went down. I had made a perfect shot, which was extraordinary, as I had shot under extreme difficulties. I didn't have time to skin out that bear, so I left the carcass lying where he fell. Traplines need attention during summer and winter. Lines have to be blazed, wood cut for winter, cabins put in shape during summer and fall in preparation for the fur harvest of marten, fisher, mink, lynx, and fox.

"When I happened to look at the carcass of the grizzly, days later, I discovered that another grizzly bear had covered the carcass with dead leaves, sticks and earth. When the aroma was not exactly exuberating, he came back and had a splendid meal at the expense of his brother or sister or father or mother, perhaps aunt or uncle. We knew he'd be back but did not see him come; he came during the night and was gone before daylight. I've had grizzlies act in this manner on more than one occasion. They'll cover the dead bodies of their fellows and wait until the dead flesh is ripe and tasty and tender—I guess grizzlies need this process because they are so tough. Then, when the surrounding air is sweeter to his nostrils than Arabic perfume, Mr. Grizzly will dine to his hearts' content."

Tony Zlott reached over and poked two burnt logs farther into the fire, then continued: "My pardner and I shot a grizzly last season. We had more time on this occasion and skinned out the hide. We nailed it to our outside cabin wall. One night we heard scratching, clawing and low grunts outside the cabin. I got up and struck a match and peered out the window. The noise stopped, but I could not see anything. I climbed back into my bunk, and the scratching and clawing and chewing began again as soon as I was in my bunk. My pardner and I thought it to be a porcupine and decided to get more sleep. We did. When morning dawned, we went outside the cabin and nosed around to see what had disturbed us during the night. We saw the tracks of a huge grizzly bear and our grizzly bear hide had been torn and chewed to pieces. We saved one portion of the hide and brought it out to Summit Lake."

"You mean that portion of hide

continued next page

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Burns Lake, B.C.

From the PEACE to . . . .

continued from page 85

John, and at Cameron Bay, $12. Lumber at St. John was $18 per one thousand feet, and at the destination $100. As most of us had seen about all we could before freeze-up, we hired on at the Eldorado Radium Mine, about twelve miles below the Arctic Circle. Later on some of us flew to Coppermine on Coronation Gulf, and finally got our chance to see the Arctic Ocean, which was the final objective of our trip.

To anyone who likes outdoor life and wants a trip away from the traffic signs, with the best of fishing and the unmarred scenic beauty of nature, there is nothing to equal a trip on any of the lakes or rivers down North. Wherever anyone meets you it is always with the pioneer spirit of hospitality. The land of the midnight sun holds many wonders to be seen.

*A permit consists of the right to take two gallons of hard liquor into the country north of Fort Fitzgerald.

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that is nailed on the cabin wall near Summit Lake Landing?" (Dozens of people saw this portion of hide.)

"Yes," he replied. "That's the hide I mean." Then he continued:

"One year I shot a grizzly and had made a sleeping robe for my bunk in one of my cabins. Wilderness trappers have a half dozen or more cabins on their traplines. When I came back to my cabin in the fall, after a trip outside, I discovered that a great hole had been torn in the roof of my cabin. With a few sweeps of his paw, Mr. Grizzly had taken out part of the roof of my cabin, to get at the grizzly bear robe in my bunk. Fortunately, he did not enter the cabin. When I arrived, however, and found his calling card, I was not overjoyed to think that he had visited my cabin. Repair work takes up a wilderness trapper's time—valuable time."

"Why do grizzlies act in this manner?" I asked. "Do they have tender feelings toward the deceased?"

"No," he answered. "I am inclined to think that they think of their stomachs. They are cannibals. They eat each other, like you'd down a chocolate bar—after death, of course. I do not mean they will kill each other for food, but the dead carcass of a grizzly has tremendous calling powers if other bears are in the vicinity, you understand. I've proved this fact on more than one occasion."

I knew Tony Zlott was not stretching the truth. He is a man of his word. He has had years of experience in grizzly bear country. He has faced grizzly bears and poured lead into their hides as fast as he could trigger his rifle, killing more grizzlies than the average grizzly bear hunter will ever see.

The campfire was burning low. We settled down for the night; and my thoughts were out in the great wilderness of the B.C. northland, following cannibalistic grizzlies over forest and mountain trails. But, as I looked up at the stars which were winking down through the tops of the trees, and as I felt the fresh autumn breeze on my face, I took one look into the forest blackness and was glad that our guns were standing near by. No, I was not afraid. I do not desire to be mistaken, however, for the carcass of a grizzly by another grizzly bear. If I am slated to try conclusions with a grizzly, I trust that it will be during daylight and not darkness. I have stated before, nevertheless, and will state again, that I like to think of the grizzly bear enjoying life in his own "grizzly" manner. I do not desire to provide a meal for a grizzly; but I understand that grizzlies do not eat human flesh, which reveals to me that I am not related to this cannibalistic animal, and I have no desire to be linked up to this eater of highly perfumed meat.

LAND OF THE "SUNSET TRAIL"

continued from page 21

of the best stretches of road in the province.

This stretch of road, roughly 14 miles in length, goes past many small homesteads, chicken ranches, and at least one good auto camp, "Lord's," on the shore of lovely Tchesinkut Lake, which has the reputation of being the purest body of water in all of North America; so pure, in fact, that batteries may be refilled with it instead of the usual distilled water. And the fishing! The writer saw a ten-year-old boy hook a two-pound Rainbow off of Lord's float, fight it with all of the skill of a seasoned fisherman (which he probably was) and gravely take it home to his mother. A feat which the writer was, alas, unable to duplicate.

Francois Lake is magnificent. It lies five miles south of Tchesinkut Lake and is some 75 miles in length. The road swings west at Francois Lake Landing, and while it is still a good road, is rather disillusioning

continued next page

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Land of the Sunset Trail

continued from page 87

to anyone who cares to travel faster than twenty-five miles an hour, although the ranchers and forestry men tear along it at a rate which would make Sir Malcolm Campbell wonder if he was as good as he is reputed to be.

It is possible to cross on the government ferry from the north side of Francois Lake to Southbank, and most of the traffic goes by this route and thence to Ootsa Lake. But the road which winds along the north shore of Francois Lake leads through country of such great beauty that it would take a Byron or a Shelly to describe it. In places the mountains rise sheer from the lake side and the road skirts them like a thread, close-drawn upon a boulder. There are meadows and running brooks, and great mysterious stretches of virgin timber. There are some large ranches, a few sawmills, many homesteaders, and two small settlements. Colleymount, which lies twenty miles west of Francois Landing and Noralee, which is not a settlement but a post office and store combined. And what a store! There is everything there from soup to nuts, from kettles to large grizzly traps, from the canned goods which are sold to the occasional tourist to flour and salt and baking powder, which is sold to everyone. Bright colorful dress goods vie with overalls and buckskin shirts. Verily, Noralee's store is the dream of any Hollywood Western Picture impresario.

In the country surrounding Noralee, back in the hills and westward towards the Nadina Lake country, are scattered many ranchers and small farms—bush farms, for the most part. The places raise abundant crops of hay, timothy seed, and quite a number of cattle. The farms that made anything during the war years were old established spreads that had been in the process of clearing since the last war. For the land in this country is "tough," and the men who contemplate making farmsteads from virgin wilderness without a goodly amount of capital have to be tougher than the wilderness.

In fact, farming anywhere in the Burns Lake area is hard and often thankless work, and no amount of phraseology can lessen this fact one little bit. Nor will one of these quarter sections provide a living for the intrepid adventurer for many years. It has to be cleared, stock has to be acquired, horses, plows and all the other incidentals that are needed on any kind of a farm, and whilst there are many salesmen eager to sell what is needed, the purchase price has first to be earned. And, while wages are reasonably high throughout the north now, one does not have to look back very far to remember when twenty cents an hour was high pay and for that twenty cents a man literally sweat blood. It is to be hoped that this condition will not occur again, but it is well to bear it in mind.

There is a twenty-two-mile stretch of road leading beyond Noralee west and then south to the settlement of Wisteria. This is a large and prosperous agricultural settlement. Many of the farms in this area are well stocked and the community as a whole is a thriving

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one. And from this point the road runs eastward along the north shore of Ootsa Lake.

Ootsa Lake is the jumping-off point for tourists, fishermen, big game hunters, and camera enthusiasts, for beyond Ootsa Lake lie the fastnesses of Tweedsmuir Park —a land of far-flung trails, of many waterways; a land of unknown lakes and unnamed mountain peaks, that calls to the adventurous with a lure that will not be denied. Among the attractions of Tweedsmuir is the three hundred-mile Circle Canoe Trip; or, if the traveller desires, he may start from Ootsa Lake with an experienced guide and end his trip at Bella Coola, on tidewater. As yet no roads have been pushed into Tweedsmuir Park and, consequently, there are neither billboards, cafes, nor gas stations to mar or destroy the handiwork of nature. How long the park will remain unspoiled is in the hands of the government. Even now there is some agitation for the construction of roads into Tweedsmuir Park, but those that agitate for roads have, in many cases, a dollar sign in place of a soul. Tourists who appreciate nature can and will traverse Tweedsmuir Park without the aid of roads. With the whole of the north country crying for development, it will be a pity indeed if Tweedsmuir cannot remain as it is, primeval, silent and beautiful, for the generations yet unborn.

The road from Wisteria leads eastward along the north bank of Ootsa Lake to Ootsa Landing, where there is a post office and general store. Here boats and guides may be hired and here, too, the fishing is something to rave about.

From Ootsa Lake Landing the traveller may, if he wishes, swing north, passing through the settlements of Danskin and Grassy Plains. On the route he will, if he is lucky, see Indian encampments which are as primitive as they were one hundred years ago. These natives are nomads, the whole territory is their hunting ground. To our minds they appear dirty and unkempt. Their encampments are usually host to a multitude of flies. The children appear to be unwashed, and the whole ensemble affront the nostrils with the smell of smoked fish, half-cooked meat, sweat and body odors. Nevertheless, these people are one of the last links with the rapidly disappearing past. Their air of indolence and the diseases which are rife among them are directly traceable to the whiteman, who in his arrogance passes them by with a toot of his horn and a smile of contempt.

The north road leads eventually to Southbank, where the ferry crosses to Francois Lake Landing and the general store and post office, run by Mr. and Mrs. Neaves, who also have the famous Kinsmere kennels of Cocker Spaniels. However, the traveller need not swing north at Ootsa Landing but can continue eastward along the shore of Ootsa Lake. The road is narrow and skirts the lake edge in many places. There are many small farmsteads along this route: there

continued page 90

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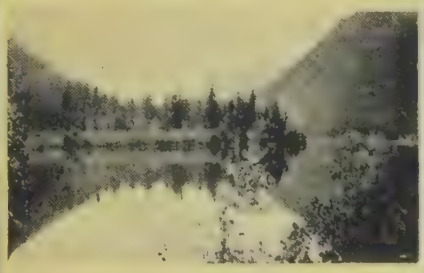

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Sunset Trail

continued from page 89

are small fishing streams, and in the fall, moose and deer and grouse.

This, then, is a brief sketch of The Lake District. It is not a land of milk and honey. It is a primitive land of hard work, where the population is more interested in obtaining a small measure of independence than they are in vainly striving for large bank balances. The people are among the finest in the world. Their forms of employment are, to a great extent, the same as would have been found on any frontier fifty or one hundred years ago. There are trappers and fur farmers, loggers and sawmill operators; there are cattle and sheep ranchers; those that grow timothy seed for export; mixed farmers; and those who operate small summer and tourist camps.

The keynote of the country is HOSPITALITY! These are real people who suffer from no class distinction. The banker in Burns Lake will play horseshoes with a section man off the C.N.R. any day in the week, and quite likely beat him too. In the Lake District, anywhere in the land of the Sunset Trail, there is a complete lack of that scintillating veneer of sophistication with which money, and an overdose of academical knowledge, seems to have endowed many of Canada's less fortunate sons and daughters.

by F. W. Lindsay

Black Shadow

continued from page 73

cameras, set at different angles for better results, if the brute approached close enough for a shot. I was recompensed a few minutes later as I recorded two of the best pictures of a black silver wolf I ever had the privilege to have in my possession.

The gray wolf's picture was recorded under similar circumstances except that it was taken one sunny morning. After the magnesium powder explodes the reaction on wolves seems to be disastrous. The brutes take to the hills with all the speed their legs are capable of, leaving some of those blood-curdling howls behind a person never forgets.

I would call the wolf one of the most intelligent animals of the north country, but also the most destructive. Wolves have very few enemies. The porcupine and the cougar are the most deadly ones. The porcupine may be killed occasionally, but seldom any creature attacking Mr. Porky survives the quills he inflicts during the battle for his life.

Regarding the cougar the matter is of a different nature. If a cougar kills a large game animal in the country visited by wolves, the carcass is buried under moss or grass for a future meal. Coyotes or wolves might try to secure a meal from this cache; but, alas, if Mr. Cougar is somewhere in the vicinity it is just too bad for the intruder.

On one of my patrols I found two coyotes killed by cougar near the carcass of a deer freshly killed by the big cat. Another time I witnessed a battle between a large cougar and a large timber wolf near the carcass of a young moose killed by the former. In a few minutes the wolf was torn to pieces.

The winter months are the best for taking pictures of wolves. During the late part of February they seem to be less cautious than during any other time of the year. If you try to take pictures of these cunning denizens of the deep forest much knowledge regarding their habits is necessary before trying the camera, and the first trip may be a failure, but with courage and persistence good results will be obtained.

A Letter

continued from page 3

those who have first-hand information on the subject.

Your province is faced, not with the theory, but with an accomplished fact. Everywhere your game herds are dwindling and wolves and coyotes on the increase. There is no exception in the entire area under discussion. If this condition were confined to certain localities, then it might be logical to conclude that it was the result of climatic conditions, disease, or some other local cause. But since the condition is universal over the entire territory, there can be but one answer, and that answer is in the increase of predators, especially wolves and coyotes.

In the report above mentioned, I cited the lack of lambs among the sheep in Alaska. During a ten weeks stay in the Cassiar in 1944 I found the same condition there. There were no lambs of the current season among the few sheep encountered.

I saw large herds of caribou, both in British Columbia and Alaska, and only in a rare case were there any calves following the cows. During the two years I saw a great many moose, both in British Columbia and Alaska, and I saw NO calves.

As I see it, the situation is extremely serious. British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Alaska are face to face with a crisis in their hitherto vast wild life resources. Only prompt and energetic action can save the day.

Sincerely,
I. P. CALLISON.

1406 Granada Avenue,
San Diego, California.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition; of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to lie for it, and the old man has to buy it; the baby's right, the lover's privilege, and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith, to a married woman, hope; and to the old maid, charity.

The Workman's Compensation Act

NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS

Effective July 1st, 1946, any employer engaged in the HOTEL, BEER PARLOUR or CATERING BUSINESS and having three or more employees (other than members of the family of the employer) employed at such work is deemed to be engaged in an industry under the Workmen's Compensation Act provided that:

(a) The employer in the hotel business operates a hotel, lodging house, club or other place where lodging is furnished and having in any case ten or more bed rooms, or

(b) The employer has a license to operate a beer parlour, or

(c) The employer in the catering industry operates a hotel, lodging house, restaurant, cafe, eating house, dance hall, cabaret, banquet hall, cafeteria, tea-room, lunch room, lunch counter, ice cream parlour, soda fountain, dairy bar, nursing home, private hospital, club, dining-room or kitchen in connection with an industrial or commercial establishment, or office building or school or any other place where food is cooked, prepared and served and for which a charge is made,

whether or not any such establishment mentioned in clauses (a), (b) and (c) hereof is operated independently or in connection with any other industry

AND

any employer operating an APARTMENT HOUSE or COMMERCIAL BUILDING in which rooms, suites or space is rented to a tenant and which employer has three or more employees (other than members of the family of the employer) employed in the maintenance, servicing or repair of the building

AND

any employer operating a RETAIL STORE having three or more employees (other than members of the family of the employer) employed.

Such employers are now required to register with the Board by submitting an estimate of their payroll expenditure from July 1st to December 31st, 1946. Forms for this purpose may be obtained from this office, together with such other information as may be required.

The Workmen's Compensation Act provides that an employer who has not registered with the Board may be held liable for the cost of an accident occurring prior to such registration, in addition to the regular assessments.

Address inquiries to:

The Workman's Compensation Board

411 Dunsmuir Street,
Vancouver, B.C.

June 1st, 1946.

Agriculture in the Bulkley -

continued from page 28

Districts are found to have greater vitality and freedom from disease than those grown in the south. As diseases and insect pests take their toll of crops grown in the States and southern parts of Canada, the demand for northern-grown seed increases. Growers in these southern areas are now asking for "Northern Grown Seed Potatoes," "Peas Grown in a Weevil-Free Area," and vegetable, grass and clover seed with the high vitality found only in "Northern Grown Seed."

Dominion and Provincial Departments of Agriculture are represented in the Bulkley Valley, respectively, by the Dominion Experimental Substation at Smithers and the District Agriculturist, Court House, Smithers, B.C.

The Experimental Station is responsible for experimental and comparative work in new and older varieties of cereals, pasture crops, garden produce, small fruits and hardy fruit trees. Good quality livestock and poultry will be carried of breeds thought adapted to the district.

The Provincial Department of Agriculture representative is responsible for disseminating knowledge obtained in the Experimental Stations, interpreting results of field trials with crops, passing on general farm knowledge to the farmers, acting in an advisory capacity to farmers' organizations and directing the activity of the Boys' and Girls' Club work.

When sufficient settlers are established in the district under the Veterans Land Act a qualified representative of this Department will also be stationed in the district and will work with the Dominion and Provincial Department of Agriculture representatives to further the interests of returned men settling in the district. At present, Mr. C. Hardwick (V.L.A. & S.S.B.), of Prince George, is in charge of

continued next page

VANDERHOOF DEPARTMENT STORE

Mens - Ladies — Children Wear
(5 - 10 - 15 Dept.)
Footware —:— Chinaware

Vanderhoof, B.C.

MARSHALL BROTHERS

—: Freight - Transport - Express :—
Coal and Wood
Vanderhoof, B.C.

A pool champion stared so hard at a baldheaded gentleman that the latter became angry and demanded: "Have you never seen a baldheaded man before?"

"Don't get sore," said the champ. "It's just that I could have sworn I put you in the side pocket last night."

150-MILE HOTEL

(Ken McKenzie)
Your best place to stop over enroute to
QUESNEL & HORSEFLY LAKE FISHING CAMPS
Fully Licensed - Good Meals & Rooms
On the Main Highway

WEST END MOTORS

-:- GENERAL REPAIRS -:-
Northern Interior B. C. Warehouse
for Firestone Tires
HOME GAS & OIL
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS .. AND PARTS
AND HUDSON CARS
OUR NEW PREMISES LOCATED ON 3RD AVE. AND VICTORIA ST.
Prince George, B.C.

Agriculture in the Bulkley -

continued from page 92

this work.

A number of agricultural organizations are active in the Bulkley Valley and give a good deal of assistance to the farming busines in their various capacities:

Evelyn Farmers' Institute — J Owens, secretary, Evelyn, B.C.

Smithers Farmers' Institute — J. W. Turner, secretary, Smithers, B.C.

Quick Farmers' Institute — T. Brandon, secretary, Quick, B.C.

Bulkley Valley Farmers' Institute —D. N. McDougall, secretary, Telkwa, B.C.

Houston Farmers' Institute—H.H. Silverthorne, secretary, Houston, B.C.

South Bulkley Farmers' Institute —Wm. Ball, secretary, Perow, B.C.

Glenwood Women's Institute — Mrs. F. O'Lorsa, secretary, Smithers, B.C.

Quick Women's Institute — Mrs. Jas. MacMillan, secretary, Quick, B.C.

Telkwa Women's Institute—Mrs. R. Scott, secretary, Telkwa, B.C.

Topley Women's Institute — Mrs. J. Howells, secretary, Topley, B.C.

Central B.C. Livestock Association--R. W. Calderwood, secretary, Smithers, B.C.

Bulkley Valley Industrial Association (Smithers Fall Fair)—Secretary, S. G. Preston, Smithers, B.C.

In conclusion we would like to make the following statements:

(1) A competent farmer can make a good living in the Bulkley Valley. Energy and initiative are required, but this is a relatively new country and young men taking up farming can help to direct its development and future.

(2) Timothy and clover seed production may be considered pioneer projects. With the increased demands for farm produce in Prince Rupert and the lumbering and mining areas, as well as the demand for "Northern Grown Seed," it may reasonably be expected that dairying, poultry and vegetable production will increase. At the same time, the indifferent growing of clover and timothy seed will be replaced by specialized seed crops such as named varieties of grasses and clover, vegetable seed, certified seed potatoes, etc.

(3) Rural telephone lines and rural electrification will be extended as settlement warrants. As soon as materials are available the farming area between Smithers and Telkwa will be supplied with electricity. A rural telephone line is planned for the Quick and Round Lake District this year.

(4) Don't come to the Bulkley

continued next page

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PUBLIC FREIGHT CARRIERS

Freighting Contractors for mining and general freight

-: GENERAL MERCHANT :-

Write or wire Williams Lake, B.C.
Likely, B.C.

Agriculture in the Bulkley

continued from page 93

Valley to make money in a hurry. Come to take part in its development and be satisfied with a comfortable living. Lumbering, tourist trade and mining will all contribute to the success of the farming industry.

As I See It

continued from page 26

aries it is somewhat satisfactory to note that the Government is taking initial steps to advance the completion of the P.G.E. Railway to Peace River area as was originally contemplated as long ago as 1912. However it seems to be a reversal of former Railway policies to decree that ere we have this line completed we must have an assurance that there will be hundreds of thousands of tons of freight available on completion of the road. I am intrigued to wonder when the Canadian Pacific or any of the American development Railways would have been completed under such a policy, I was always under the impression that our early Pioneers in Railway construction had faith enough in the laten resources of the country to provide the freight volume if the road were provided.

275-pound mule deer taken near Timothy Lake. Officially the second largest ever taken in B.C., having a 39½-inch spread and 25 points.

The Prospector's Dream

The prospectors dreams
Of glacial streams
Where gold is thought to exist
Where the gravel holds
Nuggets as big as your fist.
There's a million dollars of
which he is sure
And maybe a million more.
He is either four feet from a
million bucks
Or a million feet from four

by C. T. Docherty

THE FRASER RIVER
HARDWARE
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EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE
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Guns - Arms - Ammunition
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Complete line of camping
and hunting and fishing
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Smithers B.C

Moose are fast swimmers

A Policeman looks at the LIQUOR question

worked in Trail, but couldn't get back to his shift on time and got fired. I look back on that case as sheer persecution, not prosecution.

Take two similar instances: An Indian is found drunk. It is his first offence. A white man is picked up at the same time for the same offence. While the redman pays $5 for his indiscretion, the paleface pays a $25 fine.

English law does not contain the sharp—too sharp—teeth which our liquor laws do. Yet there seems to be very little drunkenness in the Old Country. As a matter of interest, I attended several police court sittings over there and found prosecutions under their Liquor Code somewhat rare. Cases under our own Government Liquor Act far outstrip all other forms of prosecution except the Motor Vehicle Act.

As an ex-policeman I suggest a new and more enlightened (and workable) Government Liquor Act be drawn up. Not unduly influenced by teetotal minorities, brewing or distilling concerns, nor hotel or beer parlor proprietors, but made for the benefit of the ordinary law-abiding citizen who likes a quiet drink, with or without his meals. Let there be a little cheerfulness and laughter in public houses. With intelligent application an Act may be evolved which may even better the liquor laws of England.

Freight Bookings For All
MACKENZIE RIVER POINTS

Are now being received at our office at Fort St. John

WIRE US NOW FOR CARGO SPACE ON M.S. ALCAN NO. 1 AND M. S. ALCAN NO. 2, FROM OUR WHARVES AT FORT NELSON TO AKLAVIK AND WAY POINTS

BOATS DEPART EARLY MAY. YOU SHIP VIA N.A.R. TO DAWSON CREEK OR TO AIRPORT AT FORT ST. JOHN OR FORT NELSON. OUR OWN TRUCKS HANDLE FREIGHT OVER ALCAN HIGHWAY TO FORT NELSON THIS NEW SERVICE TO THE NORTHLAND MAKES POSSIBLE DELIVERY OF GOODS TO PORTS SIX WEEKS EARLIER THAN OVER ANY OTHER WATER ROUTE. RETURN CARGOES ACCEPTED FOR UP-RIVER.

WAREHOUSE SPACE AT FORT ST. JOHN AND FORT NELSON, AND WE ARE EQUIPPED TO HANDLE GENERAL CARGO, INCLUDING PERISHABLES FRUITS, MEATS, DAIRY PRODUCTS, ETC.

Boats will return to Fort Nelson at fortnightly intervals

British Columbia Mackenzie Navigation Company

Don Laidlaw

continued from page 26

Don Laidlaw was born in Scotland in 1877 and came to Canada when he was five years of age. His parents settled in Saskatchewan.

It took Don just 32 years to make Cariboo from Saskatchewan, but he would have made it in half the time, he says, if he'd known he was going to like the country so well.

He did not get his start in Cariboo on a ranch, for he hired out as a packer into the Whitewater country, where there was a small gold stampede on at the time; then went to work for a couple of summers as packer for the Forest Service, in the Horsefly area. He worked five years for E. S. T. ("Racehorse") Johnson at the 141-Mile House, and came to the 100-Mile in 1930.

His headquarters are at the 105, and it is there that his old-time friends call when passing by; and they're always assured a welcome. He bemoans that fact that one of his particular friends, "Skookum" Davidson, for several years packing with horses north of Finlay Forks, does not have an opportunity to pay him a visit oftener than at five-year intervals.

He is noted for his caustic wit; but the bite is frequently removed by a kindly smile which lights up his tanned and weather-beaten countenance; a face that is striking and redolent of the range.

HOWLERS

Faith is that quality which enables us to believe what we know is untrue.

* * *

A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

* * *

Matrimony is a place where souls suffer from time to time on account of their sins.

* * *

A monologue is a conversation between two people, such as husband and wife.

* * *

What are rabies, and what should you do for them? Rabies are Jewish priests and I should do nothing for them.

* * *

A prodigal is the son of a priest.

* * *

A senator is half horse and half man.

* * *

A spinster is a bachelor's wife.

Celibacy is a disease of the brain.

* * *

Puerility is the state of being pure, like virginity, although puerility does not necessarily indicate virginity.

* * *

Anatomy is the study of heavenly bodies.

* * *

Animal husbandry is the act of having more than one husband at a time.

The Upper Fraser River

continued from page 26

Trembleur, and Stuart lakes; while some, to reach the new diggings, went in by way of Summit Lake, McLeod, the Parsnip, and the Finlay; others went up the Stikine to telegraph Creek, Dease Lake and McDames.

With the advent of the railways—the Grand Trunk Pacific (1913) and, later, the Pacific Great Eastern Railway into Cariboo (1921)—river transportation which, since 1911, had been extended from Soda Creek to Tete Jaune Cache (350 miles) practically ceased. In addition to the railways, wheeled traffic is carried into the area over the Cariboo Road, between Vancouver and Quesnel (and eastward to Wells and Barkerville) and Prince George. From that point the road extends north to Summit Lake, 32 miles, and, next year, will be completed into the Peace River by way of the Pine Pass to connect up with the Alaska Highway at Dawson Creek. Westward, and north, the road parallels the Canadian National to Hazelton, and beyond Hazelton to Kispiox; and at New Hazelton the road connects with the recently constructed Military Road to Prince Rupert. From Summit Lake the waters flow to the Arctic. This "highway to the Peace," as the route is locally known, has been in use for freight and passenger service since Mackenzie's day. But once the Pacific Great Eastern Railway and the Pine Pass Highway are completed into the Peace River country—together with the service already in existence by airplane—the water route will be used only by the pleasure-seeker and the prospector.

The demand for timber—fir, hemlock, birch, cottonwood, and even the lowly jack-pine, or lodge-pole pine (the latter is at present in great demand for export pit prop, and pulp purposes)—will no doubt bring the Fraser and the Quesnel river watersheds into prominence in the immediate and future development of the timber industry. Most of the larger contiguous streams and lakes could be used (and some of them are) for the transportation of timber.

Approximately 200 sawmills are now in operation along the line of the Canadian National, east and west of Prince George; and along the Fraser south of Prince George, as well as along the Cariboo Road, and the P.G.E. (south of Quesnel) sawmills are located at short intervals.

A great portion of the land, when cleared of timber, will be suitable for mixed farming — such as dairying, raising of seed, particularly foundation seed potatoes, legumes and grains.

Gold mining, which started in Cariboo 87 years ago, is still being carried on extensively, both in placer and in lode. In the fall of 1939, when World War II commenced, Cariboo was producing approximately $3,000,000 annually. It is estimated that there is more gold in the hills and valleys (including the bars and benches of the Fraser) than has been recovered in the past nine decades; and there is every indication that the yearly output will surpass pre-war production.

The production of high quality beef cattle, and other livestock, in the area adjacent to the Fraser and its tributaries, centering on Williams Lake, will be encouraged by the extension of the P.G.E. into the Peace River country. Favorable freight rates over the railway will bring much-needed grains for the finishing of this livestock.

In the areas adjacent to the Fraser, in the vicinity of Quesnel, are vast deposits of diatomaceous earth. In addition to its suitability for pottery manufacture, it has some sixty or seventy other known uses. It is used as a base for fertilizer (and 3,000 tons are to be shipped out for this purpose shortly); as an admixture in cement; and as an inexpensive and efficient insulator it perhaps has no equal.

The area is replete with fishing lakes and streams, many of which are unsurpassed by those in any other part of the province. Its big game hunting potentialities are widely known, and are so easy of access that permanent residents and governmental authorities alike are becoming alarmed at the increasing number of moose being taken. The tourist business, which is bound to play an important part in the future development of the area is, as yet, in the embryo stage.

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Quesnel - Wells - Williams Lake

British Columbia

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The Merritt-Princeton district has its share of good fishing lakes and a warm welcome to those who come to fish and visit this favoured area of our province.

Princeton Hospitality is tops

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